

THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM

VOL. XLI.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1927.

No. 18

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	431
THE HOUSE OF LORDS BOTCHERY	434
THE FRANCO-GERMAN CRISIS. By Robert Dell	435
AT ST. STEPHEN'S: THE SUICIDE CLUB. By Our Parliamentary Correspondent	437
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa	438
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: "Kappa" on Thread and English (St. John Ervine); Birth Control (Senex); Strange Case at Somer's Town (A. M. Azed); Richard Aldington (Gordon Phillips); Sargent and Impressionism (Francis Hackett); Why Not an Empire Book-Marketing Board? (Birendranath Gupta); The Consultative Committee of Women's Organizations (Vera Brittain); The Malthusian League (C. V. Drysdale)	440-442
THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER. By Katharine West	443
NERVES AND MUSCLES. IV.—THE STRENGTH AND EFFICIENCY OF MUSCLES. By Professor A. V. Hill, F.R.S.	443
A WINGED DAVID. By Morys Gascoyen	444
THE NEW REGENT STREET. By A. Trystan Edwards	445
PLAYS AND PICTURES. By Omicron	445
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:— Ben Jonson. By Leonard Woolf	447
REVIEWS:— Doughty. By Herbert Read	448
Freudian Theory from the Outside. By A. G. Tansley	448
War Guilt. By Arnold J. Toynbee	450
Fiction. By Edwin Muir	450
The Ettrick Shepherd. By Francis Birrell	452
The Pessimism of an Optimist	454
ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE	454
BOOKS IN BRIEF	454
NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS	456
FINANCIAL SECTION:— The Week in the City	458

THE NATION is edited and published at 38, Great James Street, W.C.1. Annual Subscription, Thirty Shillings, including postage to any part of the world. Communications should be accompanied by stamped envelope for return.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE past week has been notable for two formidable revolts among the Tory rank and file in the House of Commons. One revolt has led already to the virtual abandonment of the Government's project regarding the House of Lords. We deal with this curious episode in a leading article. The more the matter is studied, the more probable does it seem that the Government have blundered once again through sheer heedlessness. It is noteworthy, for example, that poor Mr. Baldwin, away in Cornwall, in a lengthy speech to the St. Austell Unionists on Thursday of last week, ignored the topic of the House of Lords altogether. He dealt with agriculture, with small holdings, with land drainage, with roads, and with foot and mouth disease. He offered a defence of the Trade Unions Bill. He even said something about economy.

But not a word did he say, not even by way of passing reference, about the constitutional revolution which Lord Birkenhead had declared the day before would be carried through the present Parliament. It is easy to believe that Mr. Baldwin was surprised and not best pleased to read what Lord Cave and Lord Birkenhead had said. It need cause no surprise that a Cabinet which allows the Home Secretary to determine a vital matter of foreign policy should be somewhat hazy as to its policy on a constitutional issue. We may rather congratulate ourselves that in constitutional affairs our Ministers have time to think again before irreparable harm is done.

* * *

The second revolt is directed against Mr. Churchill's Finance Bill, and the trouble has still to be composed. In his Budget statement, Mr. Churchill foreshadowed certain changes designed to check evasion and avoidance of income-tax and super-tax. These proposals, as set out in the Finance Bill, have aroused a storm of indignation in the business world. Mr. Churchill's name is greeted in the City just now with hearty execrations reminiscent of those directed against Mr. Lloyd George in 1909. The fury, indeed, is only kept within bounds by the fairly confident expectation that Mr. Churchill will have to drop the more objectionable features of his Bill; and, as the whole Tory Press is ranged against him on the matter, and as some fifty Tory M.P.s have announced their intention of voting against the Finance Bill unless satisfactory concessions are made, it is likely enough that the calculation will prove correct. So far, however, Mr. Churchill has shown no signs of giving way; and he may be more obstinate than his critics expect.

* * *

What are the rights and wrongs of the controversy? The matter is too complicated for a full exposition in these notes. We must confine ourselves to a few leading points. In the first place, Mr. Churchill proposes to extend to the case of companies, consisting of five or fewer shareholders, formed prior to 1914, the discretion which the Special Commissioners have long enjoyed in the case of similar companies formed subsequently to 1914; namely, the discretion to assess for super-tax profits left in reserve. So far Mr. Churchill is, we think, on sound ground. The dividing-line of 1914 becomes more anomalous the further we move from it in time. It is right enough to put the pre-war few-shareholder companies on the same footing as the post-war. But Mr. Churchill does not stop there. He proposes to enlarge the Special Commissioners' discretion in such various ways as to suggest that he is seeking to transform its character and purpose. Hitherto the discretion has been essentially a weapon against abuse—a protection against deliberate attempts to evade super-tax by treating as company reserves all income not wanted for current personal expenditure. Mr. Churchill's pro-

posals suggest that he is now out for a different object, namely, to subject to super-tax profits which are genuinely used for business expansion.

* * *

The merits of this as a policy are a fair matter for argument. At present, the two- or three-men company has an advantage over the partnership. On the other hand, if its reserves are subject to super-tax, it will be at a serious disadvantage as compared with the larger company. In other words, the change would unquestionably deal a blow at "private enterprise" in the strict sense of that term. At the present time, when it is specially undesirable to prejudice the supply of capital available for business, the balance of argument seems to us decidedly against such a policy. And when to this consideration are added the objections—which have certainly some weight—against the "inquisitorial" and penal nature of some of the new provisions, and against the enlargement of the arbitrary discretion of officialdom, the case seems to us overwhelming. We think Mr. Churchill would do well to content himself in the main with extending the existing rules to pre-1914 companies. We think that he would also be well advised to drop the proposals for collecting super-tax on shares sold cum-dividend.

* * *

Far too little attention has hitherto been given in this country to the growing tension between France and Germany, to which Mr. Robert Dell recurs in an article on another page of this issue. The recent utterances of M. Poincaré seem to have been regarded here as mere incidents in French domestic politics, mildly interesting as revealing an increase in his hold over his Radical colleagues and a corresponding decline in the authority of M. Briand. Dr. Stresemann's speech in the Reichstag last week reveals, however, a very different standpoint in Germany. "Does the French Premier want to block our path or to level it?" he asked. "What is M. Poincaré's aim—a Ruhr policy or a Locarno Policy? One or the other is possible, but not one and the other. . . . We still hear about threatened French security. No one in Germany threatens that security. . . . But we must address to France the question: Is the spirit of war to prevail permanently, or the spirit of peace?" These are searching questions which would only be asked if recent events, or utterances, had occasioned great uneasiness. They are indeed occasioned by the gravest doubts as to whether the policy of Locarno—to say nothing of Thoiry—still holds the field in France; and these doubts are fully justified by M. Poincaré's speech at Lunéville and its favourable reception by his countrymen. Meanwhile, the attitude of the British Government remains ambiguous. What is Sir Austen Chamberlain doing to support the policy which he initiated so successfully at Locarno?

* * *

It is both untrue and dangerous to talk about a deadlock at Geneva merely because no definite progress has yet been made towards agreement. The position is that, while all three Powers have declared, with all possible emphasis, their desire to eliminate competition between them in naval armaments, each has put forward concrete proposals for limitation which have not been the subject of any preliminary examination; these proposals differ considerably, and their exact effect cannot be ascertained without investigation. At the present time they are being examined by technical sub-committees, while the delegates are seeking the instructions of their respective Governments on the principles involved. Since the opening session the British delegation has put forward a new proposal to the effect

that, without modifying in form the Washington Agreement about replacement of capital ships, the three Powers should agree, by a self-denying ordinance not to build up to the permitted strength; Great Britain and the United States undertaking to lay down only nine new ships between 1931 and 1940 instead of fifteen, and the Japanese programme being modified in proportion. Japan is inclined to support this proposal, which would involve a saving of many million pounds on prospective expenditure. The United States delegation has not yet definitely committed itself.

* * *

The one real danger appears to be the ineradicable tendency of some sections of American opinion to regard every British proposal as an attempt to whittle down the American claim to complete parity of naval strength. Both logically and as a precedent for future disarmament schemes we frankly prefer the British contention that the strength of fleets should be fixed, not by the capacity of each country to build, but by a reasoned examination of its special needs; but it seems clear that the United States Government can satisfy American opinion only by a rigid insistence on complete equality with Great Britain in every class, while it is very doubtful, if such equality were formally recognized, whether the United States would, in fact, build up to that level. Any real breakdown of the conference would have such disastrous consequences, both on the League proposals and on Anglo-American relations, that we should welcome an explicit acceptance by Great Britain of the American claim. With the air thus cleared, we believe it would be possible to secure at least a sympathetic consideration of the detailed proposals of the British delegation, which are both good in themselves, and admirably calculated to pave the way for further economies in the future. Our one regret is that the question of naval bases is excluded from the purview of the Conference; but if there is any truth in the rumours of Japanese proposals for a triangular Security Pact, the consideration of this question may be only postponed. The possible results of an agreement at Geneva are so great as to be worth almost any concession.

* * *

Monday's debate in the House of Commons on the Treasury Vote gave rise to an interesting discussion on monetary questions. Mr. William Graham supported Mr. McKenna's plan for an inquiry into our central banking and currency system. Mr. Churchill replied that such an inquiry would serve no good purpose; and, in the course of his argument, endeavoured to show that Mr. McKenna's specific suggestion that the metallic cover for the note-issue should be regulated on a percentage basis would serve to curtail rather than increase (as Mr. McKenna desires) the permissible volume of currency. Mr. McKenna has replied through the Press that this would depend entirely on what percentage was chosen, which is manifestly true. It seems to us, however, that the issue of percentage *versus* fixed fiduciary limit is a false issue, either principle being compatible with either greater or less elasticity than we enjoy at present. The real point is whether our currency regulations do not need to be recast so as to permit a larger note-issue; and, on this matter, we think there is a strong case for the inquiry which Mr. McKenna recommends.

* * *

A more important question still is that raised by Mr. Pethick-Lawrence as to the desirability of giving effect to the Genoa policy of co-operation between Central Banks. We discussed this matter at length in

THE NATION a fortnight ago. Mr. Churchill's reply on this point was reasonable and interesting:—

"A conference," he declared, "has not yet come within the region of practical politics," but "at any rate co-operation between the heads of the great banks has increased. At the present time the Governor of the Bank of England, and the Governor or Deputy-Governor of the Bank of France are travelling to the United States to see Mr. Strong of the Federal Reserve Bank, and at the same time the head of the Reichsbank, Dr. Schacht, is also travelling, I think on the same ship. So you will have, for the first time in this intimate manner the highest financial authority in Germany, in France, in Great Britain, and in the United States, in amicable consultation and co-operation. I cannot doubt that the difficult topics we have touched upon this afternoon will be among those which will be illuminated by the discussion which will take place."

It is a welcome fact that this sort of consultation should take place. And doubtless it is wise, at this stage, to keep it casual and informal.

* * *

This week, a most entertaining correspondence between Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Birkenhead has been appearing in the TIMES. Lord Birkenhead argued, in his House of Lords speech, that "there is no point of real substance in our proposals which was not covered by the authority of the Coalition Government," in the resolutions of 1922. Mr. Lloyd George replied, in a communication to the Press, that "the scheme we propounded in 1922 differs in two very vital respects from that advanced by the present Government—namely, in its introduction of an elective element into the constitution of the Chamber, and its treatment of Money Bills." It was definitely intended, he added, to make the elective class a preponderant element; while the certifying of Money Bills was to be referred to a Joint Committee upon which the House of Commons had a majority. Lord Birkenhead's next contribution to the discussion ignored Mr. Lloyd George's first point, and hinted that the present scheme might be amended to meet his second point. This provoked another rejoinder from Mr. Lloyd George, which drew from Lord Birkenhead a further letter of characteristic audacity.

* * *

"The first question," he wrote, "is whether I do or do not regard as fundamental the distinction between a Second Chamber which is *mainly* elective and one which is predominantly hereditary." His answer was that "there is a very considerable difference." Indeed he made it plain, he now says, in his speech that this was the only resolution "which differed from our present (or am I to say our late?) proposals." His second answer was that Mr. Lloyd George did not even know what his own scheme was. "I suspect that he was too occupied at the time to read it." There never was a proposal that the new Second Chamber should be "mainly elective," "such an idea entered nobody's head, unless it entered Mr. Lloyd George's, and if it entered his, he never happened to mention it." (In fact is it not obvious that these questions were never worked out because no one took the resolutions seriously?) Regarding Mr. Lloyd George's second point, Lord Birkenhead now says that he would himself accept and recommend such a proposal. The whole letter is delightful in its subtle implication that the proposals have been shelved and the matter has therefore become one of academic interest only.

* * *

By his summer vacation tactics Mr. Coolidge has put a vivid mark of interrogation over the presidential prospect. He has taken up his quarters, for the sur-

prising period of three months, in Black Hills, South Dakota, and there is hardly a political observer in the United States who is not convinced that this amounts almost to a decision on the President's part to prepare for renomination. The essential fact of the situation is that the reigning President can make the renomination virtually certain if he is resolved upon getting it, and the extraordinary machine of advertising which Mr. Coolidge commands, in his summer camp as in Washington, seems to admit of little doubt as to his purpose. But he has against him both settled practice and popular feeling in respect of the third term. The honour that was renounced by Washington and Jefferson, suggested for General Grant, and sought in vain by Theodore Roosevelt, may conceivably be reserved for Calvin Coolidge; but the attitude of the Republican Party leaders is still undeclared, and no one at present would care to venture an estimate of the sentiment prevailing among the rank and file. Mr. Coolidge, however, has established himself in the West, and his corps of untiring publicity agents will see to it that nothing conducive to the maintenance of the personal legend shall be overlooked or under-played.

* * *

The centenary celebrations of University College, London, seem hardly to have received from the Press the attention they deserved. The dedication, for example, of the Great Hall by Prince Arthur of Connaught on Friday last was passed over entirely by some important newspapers. Yet this was a ceremony of international significance, attended by delegates from every known university of the world—from Aberdeen and Amsterdam, from Boston and Buenos Aires, from Cambridge, Copenhagen, and Cordova, from Harvard and Helsingfors, from Innsbruck and Jerusalem, from Leiden and Louvain, from Paris and Pittsburg, from Saskatchewan and Stellenbosch, and scores of others equally diverse—and the blending of academic robes—scarlet and mauve, purple and yellow—gave a splendid opportunity to the descriptive writer.

* * *

A Correspondent writes: "I lost a night's sleep in order to travel from King's Cross to Barden Fell near Richmond in Yorkshire to see the great eclipse. I did not see it—that is to say, I did not see either the sun or the moon or the chromosphere or the corona at 6.24 a.m. At 5.50 I caught a glimpse through a cloud of the sun partially obscured by the moon—ditto at 6.3—the rest was cloud. Nevertheless, the moment of totality was one of strange and menacing beauty. If the sun had only risen in any other quarter of the sky than the East, we should have had a good chance of seeing the eclipse, for North, West, and South there were considerable patches of blue sky. Up to the moment of totality these were bright, and the earth itself comparatively light; then, at the moment, with extraordinary swiftness and completeness, darkness seemed to leap out of the West across both earth and sky. With equal suddenness light leapt back to us. 'It was like a wilderness of darkness sweeping across the world,' said one of my party; and another said: 'It was like the lights going up and down at the theatre.' It was certainly theatrical, as Nature so often is, but three Yorkshire sheep who had joined our party paid no attention to it, continuing to crop the moor, reminding me for some reason, as sheep will, of Werther's Charlotte who at her moment of total eclipse 'went on cutting bread and butter.' That is all that I saw of the great eclipse, and I must wait now for the real thing until I can go to Sumatra in 1929 or Patagonia in 1930."

THE HOUSE OF LORDS BOTCHERY

PARIS, we are told, has been laughing over the telephone hoax by which the Royalists have secured the release from prison of their leader, M. Daudet. The incident—we are further told, lest we should be tempted to laugh too—is seriously prejudicial to the prestige of the Ministry, and even of the Republican regime. In Paris, a Ministry becomes ridiculous if it is the easy victim of a hoax. In London, it needs no hoax to make our Tory Ministers ridiculous. They have a unique capacity for hoaxing themselves; and the House of Lords hoax, which has added so greatly to the entertainment of our public life, has been entirely of their own contrivance. It is not uncommon, of course, for Governments to introduce measures which are so unfavourably received that they hasten to withdraw them out of sight. But it is decidedly uncommon for a Government to put forward proposals rather tentatively in the first instance, to imagine that they have been most favourably received, to proceed with an exultant gesture to nail their colours to the mast, declaring truculently that they mean to put the project through in the present Parliament—"of course" they do—what do their opponents take them for?—and then to discover that they have been the victims of a horrible delusion, and that the whole scheme must be cast ignominiously upon the scrap-heap without a moment's avoidable delay. And all this within a week, on a first-rate issue of constitutional change! When have we seen anything quite like it?

Not even the record of the present Government can supply an adequate parallel to this ludicrous miscalculation of political forces. It would really seem that, when Lord Cave expounded the Government's proposals in the House of Lords last week, the Ministerial mind was preoccupied with one question, one source of uneasiness and doubt. Would the proposals prove acceptable to their Lordships? Would the "backwoods" Peer be willing to forgo his ancient right to sit and vote in the House of Lords? That was the great obstacle to be surmounted; and every feature of the Ministerial plan, every argument of the Ministerial exponents was directed to surmounting it. It was pointed out that the "backwoodsman" was not being asked to give up so very much. He very seldom troubled to turn up and vote as matters were. He was content in the knowledge that a large majority of the Peers who did turn up would always reflect his general point of view. All that was proposed was to regularize this practice—to invite that half of the Peers who habitually stayed away to confer standing instead of casual proxies on the other half. That was all. There was to be no infraction of the hereditary principle, no objectionable dilution by any elected element—just a small nominated element to give Labour a showing and preserve the decencies, while leaving the hereditary Peers, as Lord Salisbury explained reassuringly, "in a large majority."

On the other hand, think of what the Peers stood to gain. Think of the terrible dangers of a Labour Government and revolutionary legislation. Confronted

with such a menace, the House of Lords was at present in a very weak position. It might even be abolished under the Parliament Act, if it made itself objectionable. Apart from that, all sorts of confiscatory measures might be passed, under the name of Money Bills, which it could not touch at all. And there was always the danger of swamping the Lords by the creation of new Peers *ad hoc*. The Government were proposing to restrict the scope of Money Bills, to entrench the House of Lords securely in the Constitution, and to entrench the hereditary Peers securely in the House of Lords. Was not this a substantial offer? Was it not worth some sacrifice of privileges which were seldom used?

These considerations did not fail to impress the Tory Peers who attended last week's debates. They had grown used to the idea that the House of Lords must be reformed some day in some way or other. Had not Lord Rosebery told them long since that some of them would have to go? But, really, if you were to touch the Lords at all, what could be more moderate and reasonable than these proposals? They felt relieved, and, as they contemplated the safeguards which the Government's scheme would give them, they felt grateful and enthusiastic. Their confidence in Mr. Baldwin had not been misplaced; they were getting a "square deal." Ministers in their turn were relieved and delighted to find the Lords so reasonable. No trace of the old Diehard obstinacy, no disposition to look a gift-horse in the mouth. There were protests, of course, from the Opposition Peers; but what did they matter? The awkward problem of reforming the Lords to their Lordships' satisfaction had been solved. All would be plain sailing now.

After this, the infatuation ran riot. Some Tories were heard to whisper that the plan was all very well; but the Government's programme was very full; did they mean business on this matter? "Of course" they did, replied Lord Birkenhead in his most rollicking mood. The plan would be put through in the present Parliament; and Lord Birkenhead proceeded to execute a triumphant war-dance on the body of Lord Parmoor. The Tory Peers, on their side, let their imaginations play with visions of a brighter future. The Lords were now living, Lord Sumner reminded them, a "gilt-cage" existence, afraid to exercise the powers which they possessed:—

"How do your Lordships like," Lord Sumner proceeded, "that incident which occurs annually in our procedure? At the end of July or the end of August—it depends on the arrangements in another place—Bills are showered upon us thick and fast, and we are called upon by a kind of amateur guillotine Resolution to get them through and be quick about it. . . . On these occasions I am reminded of the kind of advertisement we see of a horse for sale: 'Nice manners, quiet to ride or drive, has carried a lady.'"

How the Government's scheme would rescue the Lords from such humiliations, Lord Sumner did not make very clear; but his speech suggested that the Lords would now feel strong enough to adopt a higher demeanour towards the House of Commons. Moreover, this measure need not be regarded as a final act of restoration. It was "an instalment probably of more

to come." As the debate proceeded, one Peer after another took up this idea of an instalment; and Lord Salisbury, the Minister who has been most insistent in pressing the Government forward in this matter, actually spoke of the scheme as a "first step," in a speech at Sheffield.

The shattering of pleasant illusions is always a painful business; and seldom has the process of disillusionment been more brutally sudden. The Lords had scarcely concluded their debate with a vote intended to mark their cordial approval of the Government's plan, when Ministers were sharply reminded that the opinion of the House of Lords is not the same thing as the opinion of the country, or even of the Tory Party in the House of Commons. Mr. Garvin wrote a fierce article in the *OBSERVER* under the heading of "Doomed," containing such phrases as "inexplicable fatuity," "Diehards' debauch," and "coarse partisan coup." On Monday, it was revealed that some seventy Tory M.P.s were of Mr. Garvin's mind; and on Tuesday the revolt had attained such formidable dimensions that the Government surrendered. Mr. Amery explained to the Unionist Central Council that Ministers are not wedded to the project expounded by Lord Cave, and he promised that they will consult the party before any definite measure is introduced. This is not the only explanation which the Government will have to make. They will have to explain themselves next week to the House of Commons on the Labour vote of censure. They will also have to explain themselves to the Lords, who have arranged to discuss the interesting question of the place of the Lords Spiritual in the reconstructed House.

The Tory members who have forced the Government to retreat have performed a public duty. As we pointed out last week, the old tradition of guarding the rights of the Commons against encroachment was a tradition of all parties, and it is agreeable to know that the more progressive Tories still retain some sense of it. It is also reassuring to know that ordinary horse-sense has not yet completely disappeared from "the stupid party." There can be no doubt that the rebels have rendered a service to the cause of public tranquillity and orderly development, by averting a prolonged constitutional struggle which would have aroused violent passions and might have ended in violent courses. There is equally little doubt that they have rendered such service as they can to the botchers of the Cabinet.

What will be the sequel? Will the Government now have sufficient sense to leave the question alone; or will they clutch at the suggestion of the Tory rebels and proceed with their proposal regarding the certification of Money Bills? They would do well to realize the perils that now lurk in the latter course. They have been frustrated in a flagrant attempt to load the dice of the constitution in favour of their party and in favour of their class; and they have thereby forfeited all moral authority to propose even minor constitutional amendments. If they now touch so much as a hair of the House of Commons' head, they will raise the whole question of the House of Lords as an issue of the next election, with results which, we predict, will not be to their liking.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN CRISIS

PARIS, JUNE 27TH, 1927.

I CANNOT remember a case in which the English Press as a whole has taken so long to realize the importance of an event as it has in the case of M. Poincaré's Lunéville speech. Up to Saturday the *TIMES* had not thought it worth while to comment at all on an event that has stirred the Continent from end to end and brought about a crisis in Franco-German relations, and its summaries of the Lunéville speech and Dr. Stresemann's reply to it were astonishingly short and inadequate. I hear that the reports of the agencies were even more so, and most of the other papers, so far as I have seen, also took nearly a week to discover that anything important had happened. This strange phenomenon has astonished people here, where there has been a disposition—no doubt mistaken—to attribute the silence of the English Press to a *mot d'ordre*, which would be the natural explanation if the French Press were concerned.

Whatever the cause may have been, it is most unfortunate that the English Press has waited so long to express an opinion, for the opinion of the English Press carries weight in France. In particular the English Press of the Left has influence on French Left opinion, whereas the German Press, which has, of course, been full of the subject, has no influence here at all. The greater part of the French Left has now, after several days of hesitation, rallied to M. Poincaré, who, as a leading Radical said to me a few days ago, is now the master in foreign policy as well as all else. An immediate protest from the whole English Press of the Left against the Lunéville speech might possibly have checked this disastrous development. The *Quai d'Orsay* has, after all, succeeded in getting the papers of the Left, with the exceptions of the *VOLONTÉ*, the *SOIR* and *L'HUMANITÉ*, to adopt its ingenious explanation that the Lunéville speech was a manifestation of the "Locarnist spirit," the peculiar form of which was due to M. Poincaré's idiosyncrasy. Professor Victor Basch said M. Poincaré sang the same tune as M. Briand. The only difference was that he had not so good a voice. Even M. Léon Blum, in the *Socialist POPULAIRE*, finds excuses for M. Poincaré, whose impulsive temperament, he suggests, may have caused his pen to run away with him! All this would be comic, if it were not tragic—if the future relations of France and Germany were not at stake.

The most amazing and also the most disheartening article on the subject is that of my friend, M. Basch, already mentioned. As President of the *Ligue des Droits de l'Homme*, one of the leading organizations of the Left in which Radicals and Socialists meet, M. Basch represents that section of non-Communist Left opinion that makes the most sincere—if not very successful—efforts to think internationally and "learn to speak European," to quote M. Briand. Yet, unconsciously, no doubt, he takes essentially the same line as M. Poincaré—that the Pact of Locarno is not enough and Germany must give further guarantees before a Franco-German understanding can be possible. It is true that there are strange inconsistencies in his article, which was perhaps written in a hurry and does not show very clear thinking. M. Basch says, for instance, that M. Poincaré's idea that the treaties are intangible, and that "Europe is stereotyped to all eternity in the form in which she issued from the negotiations of Versailles," makes a "real understanding" with Germany "difficult, if not impossible." How he reconciles this with his opinion already mentioned that M. Poincaré sang at Lunéville the song of Thoiry I do not pretend to understand. But the most significant sentence in the article is

that in which M. Basch declares that France is still in a state of "insecurity" in regard to Germany. I am beginning to think that the French want a "security" that may be attainable in Heaven, but is not attainable on this earth. We used to be told that France was insecure because she had not the English guarantee against German aggression promised in the Treaty of Versailles. She now has it and the guarantee of Italy into the bargain, and still she wants more. Moreover, she has this guarantee in a far more effective form than that of the treaty, for it is given with the consent of Germany and in strictly defined conditions that allow no evasion. It is difficult to conceive of a security more complete.

One would imagine from M. Basch's article that the Pact of Locarno did not exist, or had made no difference to the situation of France in regard to Germany. For him, as for M. Poincaré, it is not enough that Germany has undertaken never to go to war with France, and England and Italy have guaranteed her undertaking. "Millions of Germans," he says, have not abandoned the idea of revenge, and openly "profess the hope that the day will dawn when they will reconquer by force what they have lost by their defeat." He admits that they are a minority in Germany, but, if I do not misunderstand him, he does not think a "real understanding" between France and Germany to be possible until Germans have become almost unanimously right-thinking. For my part I doubt whether, if a plebiscite were taken on the question, a million Germans would be found to vote for a war to recover Alsace-Lorraine. But, even if M. Basch be right on this point, is it now to be the accepted political axiom that the policy of a Government, even supported by the great majority of the nation, counts for nothing without an assurance that no individual citizen still entertains a thought inconsistent with that policy? Every German party, except the tiny Fascist faction, has rallied to the Locarno policy. What more does M. Basch want? Apparently, like M. Poincaré, he wants proof of the intention of all of them to do what Dr. Stresemann does. It is the application to international politics of Canon 11 of the Council of Trent. The Pact of Locarno is invalid through lack of a right intention.

I have dealt at length with this article because it is typical of the fear complex that vitiates all French policy and of the gulf that separates French non-Communist opinion of the Left from the opinion of the Left in other countries. Anybody that has attended international conferences during the last few years must realize the existence of that gulf. Never was it more apparent than at the international peace conference held in Paris in 1925. There are individual exceptions, of course, who were represented at that conference by a small minority of the French delegates led by M. Georges Pioch and Mme. Severine. But, individuals apart, English Liberals and Labour men—and even some enlightened Conservatives such as Lord Henry Bentinek—would find, if they lived here, that the only French party with which they were in sympathy on international questions and military questions was the Communist Party. It is an amazing phenomenon, but so it is. And the consequence is that those non-Communist Frenchmen of the Left that share the views of Liberals and Socialists in other countries on those questions, though they be thorough bourgeois without the slightest sympathy with Marxist doctrines, are saying that at the next election they will have to vote Communist or abstain. If I am asked where is to be found the anti-militarist and internationalist tradition of the end of the last century—the Dreyfusard tradition—I am obliged to reply in the Communist Party. It is for that reason that even in a rural department permeated with that tradition like the department of Aube, the Communist can-

didate can poll more votes than the Radicals and Socialists put together.

The Socialist interpellation on foreign policy will be discussed by the Chamber before the end of the session, when the Bill for restoring single-member constituencies is disposed of and M. Briand returns to Paris. There is, I fear, little doubt that the Chamber will sanction the abandonment of the Thoiry policy—that is, of the evacuation of the Rhineland, which is the logical consequence of Locarno and the essential condition of what M. Basch calls a "real understanding" with Germany. M. Poincaré holds the trumps, for electoral considerations outweigh all others with the Radical and Socialist deputies. What is the peace of Europe in comparison with the adoption of an electoral system likely to secure their re-election next May? M. Poincaré cannot make the electoral Bill a question of confidence, for the Cabinet is not agreed on it, but he can and no doubt will use his influence to get it accepted by the Chamber, and, if he does, he will have his own way in foreign policy. It is possible that the deal is already arranged. It is also possible that M. Poincaré will agree to some further reduction of the occupying troops, but on the question of evacuation he is uncompromising. The Paris correspondent of the *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN* has given what I believe to be an authoritative account of M. Poincaré's policy. M. Poincaré, it seems, anticipates that it may be impossible next year to transfer the payments under the Dawes plan, and, although the plan itself provides for that emergency, he holds that failure to transfer would be a failure of the Dawes plan itself, and intends in that event to use the occupation as a means of pressure on Germany to make a new arrangement. Further, we may expect the occupation to be used as a means of pressure on England and America—one might use a less polite term—in the matter of the debts. M. Poincaré may ultimately consent to go out of the Rhineland if England and America will remit the debts and thus make it less necessary for France to obtain payment from Germany. But at present his policy is to continue the occupation for at least two years, and I shall be surprised if that policy is not accepted by M. Briand and the Radicals and Socialists. All this talk in the Press of the Left about the continued "insecurity" of France can only be a preparation for accepting it. I should like to prove a false prophet, but all the symptoms seem to me to show that the hope of a Franco-German understanding must be abandoned for the present. One can but hope that German patience will hold out until after the French general election, but the election is likely to result in a victory for the Bloc National, if the present Government is still in office when it takes place, as seems probable. In the early hours of this morning the Socialist National Congress, to avoid a split in the party, passed by an overwhelming majority a grotesque and meaningless compromise resolution on the Paul-Boncour Bill, which will further discredit the party and lose it still more of its voters. There remains scarcely another blunder for the French Radicals and Socialists to commit, but no doubt they will find one.

For my part I do not believe that M. Poincaré has abandoned the policy of the Dariac report. The Lunéville speech showed that he has abandoned nothing in his past policy. The fundamental reason of his insistence on the continued occupation of the Rhineland is, in my opinion, that he wishes to leave the door open for a return to the policy of separating the Rhineland from Germany, should the circumstances make it possible and desirable. He is ready, no doubt, for good relations with Germany—on his own terms, that is, if Germany will voluntarily accept a situation of subordination to France. If she will not accept

it, the alternative will be to impose it on her. This, of course, is for the future. At present M. Poincaré's pre-occupation is to remain in power until the general election in the hope, for which he has good ground, that the election will confirm him in power. Then he can do exactly as he likes.

I can see only one hope of saving the immediate situation—pressure from the British Government; but I have little hope that it will be forthcoming. It is confidently asserted here that Sir Austen Chamberlain has acquiesced in the abandonment or indefinite postponement of the Thoiry policy. It is for the Opposition in England to discover whether this is true. We have about a fortnight in which to do whatever can be done to avert the failure, at any rate so far as the immediate future is concerned, of all the hopes of the last two years.

ROBERT DELL.

AT ST. STEPHEN'S THE SUICIDE CLUB

(By OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.)

"The trees went forth on a time to appoint a king over them. And they said unto the Olive tree, 'Reign thou over us.' But the Olive tree said unto them, 'Should I leave my fathers, wherewith by me they honour God and man and go to be promoted over the trees?' . . . Then said the trees unto the Vine, 'Come thou and reign over us.' And the Vine said unto them, 'Should I leave my wine which cheereth God and man and go and be promoted over the trees?' Then said all the trees unto the Bramble, 'Come thou and reign over us.' And the Bramble said unto the trees, 'If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow.'"

THE House of Lords, in its sudden unexpected plunge into "reform" which may change the whole face of politics, has provided a debate which, not for party purposes, but for intrinsic interest, I should like to see distributed and read in every town and village in England. Every aspect of the question was presented, and the speakers showed themselves—in some cases prejudiced, in some cases passionate, in some cases satirical, and in some cases rational—adequate to carry on a discussion far above any of the debates which I have heard in recent years in either Chamber. The opening of this controversial debate coincided with the final passage through the Commons of the Trade Unions Bill. Between these two measures the doom of the Government has been sealed.

My object in these Notes is description of personality and not advocacy of principle; but in the deadness of this week which has succeeded these great efforts at Parliamentary discussion, I am inclined to say a word about the situation as it has suddenly changed. I have attended for two or three days every week, since the Conservative Party came into power nearly three years ago, and have heard the arguments in either the one Chamber or the other, or sometimes both; and have listened to the gossip of the lobbies. The change from the bright hope and contentment of the past to the dismal chaos of the present is a change which must be noted by anyone who is writing a series of letters from St. Stephen's. At first the Labour Party were hopelessly divided, and the Liberal Party had practically ceased to exist. One foresaw ten or eighteen years of the beneficent "bramble" Baldwin Administration, laddling out peace in our time, conciliation between all classes, and a series of non-controversial measures of social reform destined to better the conditions of the poorest of people. What is the case to-day? Every one of these measures of social reform has been torn into fragments. The joyousness has passed from the immense Conservative majority to the comparatively small Oppositions. Every election reveals support for Mr. Baldwin's Government falling like the fall of a great house, in numbers measured not by hundreds but by thousands. Of the four hundred who

were swept in, in the reaction of 1924, not more than half even hope that they will continue a career of political success. Of the overwhelming majority it will be said, after the next General Election, in the words of the most famous of John Bright's speeches, "The place that knew them shall know them no more for ever." They may have contentment on the ground once suggested to me: that it was better to have been in Rome for twenty-four hours than never to have seen Rome at all. There are many who think that with five hundred Liberal and five hundred Labour candidates at the next election, the Tories may still scrape into power with a majority in the House, and an overwhelming minority in the country. But this is not a situation of stability—it is a situation making for revolution. And a Government with such a mandate will be a Government destined speedily to disappear. Yet lobby correspondents and Members of the House all make one assertion which seems to be borne out by such incredible results outside as that, for example, of Brixton—"This Government has not been assassinated; it has committed suicide!"

The two great joyous scenes were those of Wednesday and Thursday of last week in the House of Lords. The first was between Lord Parmoor and Lord Birkenhead, and the second between the Marquis of Reading and the Marquis of Salisbury. Anyone entering the House of Lords notices, amid persons mainly venerable, clothed in customary suits of solemn black, a figure which is jaunty and seemingly insolent; looking not much more than thirty years old; clothed in grey flannel with a huge bouquet in his button-hole, lounging back with what appears to be a studied contempt of the whole affair. This is the ex-Lord Chancellor, once famous in the House of Commons as Mr. F. E. Smith. Lord Parmoor had made a quite able speech in rejection of the Government House of Lords Reform scheme, a speech so different from the dreary, lengthy, boring, reactionary orations with which he used to occupy the time and empty the seats of the House of Commons, as to make one think that a strange change had come over him in his old age. But the House of Lords, like most political assemblies, although fairly tolerant to youthful renegades, dislikes men who become renegades in their old age; especially when the renegade-ship is associated with the granting of high office, which could never have been obtained if the individual concerned had remained faithful to his own party. Lord Birkenhead could produce quotations of an entirely different character and sentiment, delivered not in his youth but in his "developed maturity," by, as he pleasantly asserted, "a man in the flower of life and exactly my own age," later revealed as fifty-six years, a fact which must have seemed incredible to the foreign observer. A more merciless and successful dissection of the past and present of an aged gentleman I have never heard in twenty years of Parliamentary experience. It caused him completely to lose his temper; it caused even audible applause and laughter among the younger peers; and a kind of faint cackling of delight even among the older ones. I suppose in its immediate effect it was the most successful speech that Lord Birkenhead has delivered since the first Oxford Union oration that astonished the other House twenty-one years ago. The richness of its satire and contemptuous phrase forbids quotation. This attack enabled him to turn with equal insolence to the House of Peers itself; and to his defence of the backwoodsmen as against the "newly ennobled great." "In too many cases," he asserted in an audacious phrase, "a faulty conception of the function of a Peer of Parliament has been lightly accepted. When they have appeared at the Bar of your Lordships' House, clad in a crimson robe, and have taken part in that official pageantry, they appear to think that the rest of their duty is completely discharged when they have accepted the change in that unimportant nomenclature by which a Peer is saluted by his domestic staff." As I write, however, there are rumours and excursions in the lobby of the bewildered and divided Tory Party, and, seemingly, a common answer to Mr. Garvin's question of last Sunday, "Who chiefly has induced this Cabinet to form itself into a Suicide Club?" is the present Secretary of State for India, who has been able to gain such enormous debating prestige, but whom a considerable

section of the bewildered company of Lords and Commons now regard as having led their more stupid leaders to the very verge of the abyss.

On Thursday, finding the dismal platitudes of Sir Thomas Inskip, the Solicitor-General, addressed to some fifty members of the House of Commons on the Trade Unions Bill, not inspiring, I travelled again to the Gilded Chamber, to hear another joyous contest of arms, this time on the reverse side. Lord Salisbury, the Leader of the House, was not so much speaking as shouting out defiance and appeals, banging the box with energy and with a demeanour which suggested unusual nervous tension. He was followed by Lord Reading. Never having seen Sir Rufus Isaacs in the Courts, I realized for the first time what cross-examination meant. There is an old story that a foreign visitor to the House of Commons, seeking the Labour Party there, suddenly pounced upon Lord Salisbury's brother, Lord Robert Cecil, exclaiming, with the delighted complacency of discovery, *Voilà l'ouvrier!* In the Lords the scene was repeated. Lord Reading, speaking with extraordinary dignity, quietness, self-confidence, and distinction, looked somewhat like one of the hereditary Peers "descended from so many Royal Kings." It was only gradually that the delighted spectator realized what he was engaged in. He talked a good deal of irrelevant matter, and gave Lord Salisbury the opportunity for repeated interruption, in which Hatfield seemed to have scored. Lord Reading apologized, explaining that he regretted that he had misinterpreted the Government's intentions; poured flattery on his opponents; commenced to sit down on every interruption, so that the unfortunate leader of the Tories thought he was doing exceedingly well, in driving the Liberal speaker to damaging admissions. Finally, in exactly the same quiet voice, the late Viceroy of India inquired whether under the new proposed House of Lords there would always be a majority of hereditary Peers, and sat down, giving Lord Salisbury the right to reply. In a voice of thunder, the unfortunate man shouted out, not only to the Upper Chamber, but to all England, "I cannot give the Noble and Learned Marquis an answer on behalf of the Government, but if he asks my own personal opinion, I certainly think that the hereditary peers should be in a large majority." The result was like the shutting of a trap. Lord Reading had obtained the admission that he wanted, and brought his speech speedily to a close; for in that admission is embodied either the doom of the House of Lords scheme or the doom of the Conservative Party.

Returning to the House of Commons after this pleasant experience, I was asked by a Minister, "Has there ever been in your recollection so dull and dreary an end to a third reading debate of a first-class measure which was supposed to have excited the passion of half the working people of this country?" I could not deny the implication. Earlier I had tried to "brighten cricket" by imploring Mr. Maxton, one of the few orators in the House, to speak. I rejoiced that he had responded to my invitation, and he began well, in that extraordinarily appealing voice of his and with his distinction of manner. But the sight of Sir Douglas Hogg opposite causing him to realize that in London, as in Denmark, a man may "smile and smile and be a villain," led him to brand the amiable Attorney-General as a "blackguard and a liar," which unfortunately led to his suspension. Even the intervention of Sir John Simon only excited faint cheers from the Conservatives in the House. And it was not until the members were assembled for voting at the end, that Mr. Churchill let forth one of his best efforts at verbal rhetoric and skilled phraseology of the kind that has delighted one for a generation.

The impression of the week is that the Tory Party consists of him and Lord Birkenhead and the irrelevant remainder; but that they can never lead the Tory Party. For these vigorous debates have once more demonstrated that these "Heavenly Twins" stand out beyond all others for verbal brilliance, satire, and rhetoric among their party; and, with the exception of Mr. Lloyd George, who can excel them in these arts, among all the parties combined. But they lack wisdom, and they lack judgment, and they lack that uncanny gift which Mr. Lloyd George pos-

sesses, not through reason, but through a kind of instinct, of knowing what is the wise thing to do. They represent the apotheosis of the condottiere, and in many dissimilar countries, for example, in the French Chamber, they would probably be passing in and out of successive Ministries, taking it in turns to become Prime Minister. Unfortunately, in this dull English political landscape, they both, with long political careers and well on in the fifties in age, have entirely failed to convince public opinion of sincerity, consistency, or disinterested devotion to the public good. Those who know them, of course, realize that sincerity, consistency, and disinterested devotion to the public good are their real and fundamental characteristics. But this is concealed by verbal brilliance. And the result is that they seem destined for ever vastly to entertain the Houses of Parliament, and audiences in the country; but never to exercise through their oratory any conspicuous influence on human affairs, and to permit, so long as their party is in power, the Bramble to reign over us.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THE Cabinet has blundered into serious trouble in trying to buttress the House of Lords in the interests of their party. Mr. Baldwin is not entirely to be blamed. It was never expected that the Lord Chancellor would commit the Government to specific promises and proposals. He was "billed" to fly a kite; instead he dropped a bomb. Still less was it expected that Lord Birkenhead would give his famous pledge of legislation in this Parliament. I am told that he did this "off his own bat." This rash behaviour is having its reward in a strong revolt among the Tory rank and file in the House of Commons. If there was a debate in the Commons to-day I doubt whether fifty Tories would vote for the scheme, even under pressure from above. The bright young Tories know very well that it will never do. Tories generally, notably those who sit for industrial constituencies, are genuinely alarmed. They admit quite frankly that their chances of re-election with this "reform" round their necks would be faint indeed. The other day an eminent Liberal, thinking to provoke a lively discussion, remarked to the Conservative who sits for the constituency next door: "Well, you won't come back next time if you have to fight for the Lords." "I know it," replied the other sadly. Feeling against the scheme is especially violent in industrial Scotland. The view I took of the prospects of legislation has been strengthened by the development of the controversy. The rank and file in the Commons are justly affronted at this ex-cathedra method of announcing a provocative policy without any general party consultation. Their efforts will be directed to putting on the brake. The Government will find some way of wriggling out of it. A Bill on these lines would have a life about as insurable as those of the little Princes in the Tower. It too will be discreetly smothered. Possibly, after all, Lord Birkenhead will have to resign himself to remaining in the "gilded cage."

It is fully expected that recent events will result in a break between the Trades Union Congress and Russia. A few influential men on the T.U.C. executive have striven hard to keep in with Moscow, but circumstances are proving too strong for them. The general sentiment in the Unions at times of crisis is national and not international, and will prevail. Even less than other sections of Englishmen trade unionists, however anxious they may be to maintain "solidarity" against their political enemies, object violently to being bullied from abroad. The Moscow leaders, with that childish ignorance of the mental apparatus of any people but their own which characterizes their behaviour, have gone from blunder to blunder. The

hectoring of Mr. Tomsy had the result which anyone but Communist leaders might have foreseen. It caused bitter resentment. Their friends in the trade-union movement here, though willing to strain any number of points to keep on good terms with them, have from that moment become definitely less friendly. The more recent outbreak of hysteria at Russian headquarters, and the tactless attempt to rush our people into a conference to start an Anglo-Russian campaign against a mythical "war," have quickened the revolt from Moscow leading strings. It was a union of sentiment, hardly strong enough to stand the tug of the counter sentiment for national independence. The Russians have themselves to thank for the mess they have made of it. When the Labour Party passed a resolution condemning the "murders" of the moderates, the end had come for nearly every responsible English leader. I think myself that our politics will be the healthier for the break, and the realization that what Russians want is blind obedience and not co-operation.

* * *

The patient folk one passes in St. Stephen's Hall waiting like Mr. Micawber for something or someone to turn up will have in the future bright pictures on the walls of that solemn corridor to relieve their tedium. The new series of historical pictures which Mr. Baldwin unveiled the other day are not great works. They seem to me to be on the whole thin and conventional, but one must admit that they are gay. I cannot work up much enthusiasm for the much-commended "team work" of the artists. This was a co-operative enterprise, the artists working under Sir David Cameron as "captain" and submitting to control both in the planning of the subjects and the general colour scheme. Unfortunately, the result is timidity. One has only to think for a moment of the superb individuality and imaginative force of Ford Madox Brown's great one-man achievement at Manchester to feel the difference. Still, it is cheering to find an intelligent effort at the patronage of art made at all. The sad visitors mentioned above may speed the lagging hour with the game of choosing the best. I think myself that Mr. A. K. Lawrence's Queen Elizabeth and Raleigh—a picture without historical warrant—is the neatest job. Mr. Sims's El Greco-like vision of King John signing Magna Carta in a hurricane is almost comically out of harmony with its neighbour, the charmingly sweet picture by Sir George Clausen of villagers reading Wycliffe's Bible in a "dream" of a meadow. It is clear that history was not such a brutal affair as one had supposed.

* * *

I meet people who seem to think that it accords with the best intellectual fashion to despise the outpouring of sentiment evoked this week by the return of the Duke and Duchess of York. This seems to show a deficiency not only of human sympathy, but of political sense. It is right that mastery in the exacting and difficult profession of royalty should be recognized. Anyone who supposes that the Duke and Duchess have been enjoying a sort of imperial joy ride have little conception of the endurance necessary to the carrying out of such a task. To be always in temper, to endure devastating monotony and boredom, to avoid by ever-vigilant tact the innumerable pitfalls, to say the right things to the right people, and to make without fail a good impression—these things would be a tax upon a supreme actor. The Duke and Duchess have succeeded by simplicity and sincerity in an ordeal that involves a perpetual invasion of the privacy which is as precious to them as to anyone. Most of us, I imagine, would find it intolerable to live in the glare of modern publicity—not to be able to meet one's family after six months' absence, except under the fierce observation of professional sightseers from Fleet

Street and the attack of batteries of cameras. Politically, these tours have become extremely important. The King is now in constitutional reality and not merely in conventional talk the link which holds the Dominions to the Mother country, and his sons are doing an essential service when they go on their travels. I think, too, popular sympathy is sound in going out quite naturally to the Duchess of York, the charming and intelligent young woman who has had to learn the business of royalty since her marriage, and has had to make the sacrifice, which no woman under-rates, of leaving her baby for six months.

* * *

At Wimbledon this year everyone misses the electric presence of Mdlle. Lenglen. The public and the papers have done their best to find a new heroine to worship, but a jolly English schoolgirl cannot provide the same dramatic thrills as that exuberant Latin lady. Watching tennis has not for me anything like a comparable interest to watching cricket, but in the days when Suzanne Lenglen was "flaming amazement" on the Wimbledon courts, the rather tepid course of the game was always quickened by one's enjoyment of an erratic personality, whose oddities added sauce to a rather dull pudding—brandy sauce. Mdlle. Lenglen has now crossed the dubious borderline between amateur and professional lawn tennis. The "amateur status" is a thing whose fine shades it is not easy for an outsider to understand. Being an amateur means apparently that the player is not paid for appearing in the tournament. It does not prohibit "stars" from acting as the well-paid correspondents for newspapers. The profuse advertisement showered upon them by Fleet Street is something that they cannot well avoid in the unlikely event of their desiring to do so. Mr. C. B. Cochran's honest showman's view of this controversy appeals to me. He has stated, without contradiction, that he cannot get good players to meet Mdlle. Lenglen—whom he is "producing"—because the salary he offers would not compensate them for the loss of revenue which an "amateur" commands. It is at least arguable that an open professionalism, for those players who prefer it, should be allowed, side by side with the amateur status—the arrangement which works quite well in cricket.

* * *

I have been relieving the tedium of a day in bed with Mr. Wyndham Lewis's "The Lion and the Fox"—an unwise choice, for no book is better calculated to raise the temperature. I will say nothing of the main theme—that is the reviewer's task—but will merely, with the mildness natural to convalescence, express the view that even the most devastating cleverness ought not to despise common accuracy in detail. Perhaps it is Mr. Lewis's form of humour to refer to Mr. J. M. Robertson as "Sir James" or "Sir William" Robertson indifferently, and to speak of Ibsen as a Swedish dramatist. These are merely samples of the looseness which spoiled for me enjoyment of many acute and original ideas. Some of the generalizations should win Mr. Lewis the first prize in long-distance jumping; and he is as likely to come down in a bog as he is to alight on solid ground. I am moved to make one protest on the ground of common decency. It should not be permissible for any serious writer on Shakespeare calmly to take it as certain, apparently on the sole evidence of the twentieth sonnet, that Shakespeare was a sexual pervert. This, I submit, is to foul the fount of biography. This cruel assumption did not, of course, originate with Mr. Wyndham Lewis, but so far as I know, no author has ever accepted and emphasized it with the same maddening dogmatism. It is entirely gratuitous—as much so as the pestilent gossip that besmirches nearly every prominent public

man, and is bred in the insanitary minds of the knowing. I make bold to say that the Twentieth Sonnet, read carefully and with an impartial mind, provides no evidence whatever of this disgusting libel, except indeed to people not only malicious but ignorant of Elizabethan usages in complimentary language. The sonnet expresses a wretched conceit, but nothing more.

A friendly correspondent in Hong Kong is moved by a recent note of mine on the dispute between the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches over the celebration of the baptism of King Edwin to send me the following story, which he says went the rounds of Oxford twenty years ago: "A notable Rugger Blue and International (killed in 1917, poor fellow) was asked in his 'viva' 'When was Christianity introduced into England?' to which he replied, 'In the time of Henry VIII.' 'What?' said the examiner, 'was there no Christianity here before that?' 'Only a bastard sort,' was the reply."

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"KAPPA" ON THREAD AND ENGLISH

SIR,—“Kappa,” commenting on the activities of the new International Council for English, asks, “If the Council decides that ‘a reel of cotton’ is correct and ‘a spool of thread’ incorrect, how will they convince the American millions who use the latter?” He might, at the same time, have inquired how they proposed to convince the Ulster thousands who say “a spool of thread” where English people would say “a reel of cotton.” This is only another example of a usage, generally described as American, which is English in its origin. The use of the word “quit,” very common in Ulster, is another. I had never heard of “a reel of cotton” until, at the age of seventeen, I came to London, and I was astonished to discover that when I spoke of “a spool of thread” nobody knew what I was talking about. A few months ago when “Kappa” somewhat tartly rebuked me over the pronunciation of English, he professed disbelief in my statement that the Ulsterman still uses many of the terms of speech that Shakespeare used, and pronounced words as the Elizabethans pronounced them. May I suggest to “Kappa” that he should study this subject. He will, I am sure, be astonished to find not only how much of the British Empire and of the United States of America have been built by Ulstermen, but also how many “Americanisms” are part of their daily speech. Why describe as an “Americanism” what is a perfectly good Ulster expression and may, for all I know, be commonly used in other parts of these islands? “Spool of thread” is neither incorrect nor American. It is one of the many good English expressions which have been forgotten by the English.—
Yours, &c.,
ST. JOHN ERVINE.

June 25th, 1927.

[“Kappa” writes: “I hasten to assure your correspondent that I have no desire to rob the Ulsterman of his ‘spool of thread.’ I agree that it is quite as good as a ‘reel of cotton’—perhaps better. Mr. St. John Ervine’s letter sharpens the point of my note. I agree that it is useless for the new Society to attempt to standardize English (if such is their intention) to the loss of many picturesque variants here and in America—not to speak of Ulster.”]

BIRTH CONTROL

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Morse-Boycott has written a letter which deserves consideration because it embodies the views and misgivings entertained by many. Moreover, he commits himself to specific statements instead of mere empty denunciations.

Let us consider some of his *dicta*:—

1. “Nothing artificial ever pays in the long run.” Does not this involve condemnation of the whole of civilization?

Are roads, bridges, houses, and wheels not “artificial”? Do they not pay in the long run? Is not the institution of marriage itself an attempt at birth control? Is monogamy strictly “natural” at all times and in all places?

2. He protests against “indulgence in sexual pleasure without that fulfilment which alone can sanctify it.” Does not this involve condemnation of all intercourse after conception has taken place? And does Mr. Morse-Boycott condemn such intercourse?

3. What is the self-control which is to be advocated? Is it a practicable injunction to prohibit intercourse between two persons animated by the strongest of impulses unless there is a probability of conception taking place?

When a woman proves to be barren after long years, is intercourse to cease? And is that to be a ground for divorce?

Is the following an inaccurate statement of fact. Two young persons enter into marriage with mutual expressions of undying devotion. Both are imbued with a powerful attraction each for the other. But upon one falls all the pain and risk of childbirth, and it may be that the risk becomes very grave indeed. In such a case, is she to have no choice excepting between permitting and refusing intercourse? These questions must be answered with an eye not to exceptional ascetics, but to the ordinary average sensual man and woman.

And what is our present practice? Is it not that control is very prevalent amongst the wealthier classes and neglected most of all by the poorest? One does not know which is the more pathetic object—the unwilling mother or the unwanted child. If morality depends on the maintenance of these two unfortunates it must indeed be in a precarious state!—Yours, &c.,
SENEX.

STRANGE CASE AT SOMER'S TOWN

SIR,—The clergy of the Church of England have on the whole deserved the reputation of being unusually sane and well-balanced. All the more astonishing to your readers will appear the state of things at Somer's Town. There, it seems, the vicar has migrated with his family from the rectory into the rectory garden, and has abjured the shelter of a roof, the use of cooked food, and every other vestige of civilized existence. The dog is set upon the doctor if he dares show his face: and only the depth of the pipes has prevented this eccentric being from wrecking the local drainage-system, where it passes through his grounds, as being an artificial interference with the design of Providence in distributing reasonable epidemics. At favourable moments his parishioners may discern their vicar roosting in the largest tree in the rectory garden, munching acorns, *in puris naturalibus*.

I cannot, indeed, give first-hand evidence for the exactness of all these details. But the Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott is clearly a man of sincerity and principle who would disdain to preach what he did not practise. And when he writes to your paper letters denouncing birth control as an interference with nature and solemnly warning us that “nothing artificial ever pays in the long run,” we can only assume that, as the merest consistency demands, he allows nothing artificial whatever to sully his own life. It is, indeed, a slight inconsistency for the Rev. Morse-Boycott to indulge in such communications at all: for the expression of ideas (or the semblance of them) in articulate speech, to say nothing of writing them down, is in itself an extremely artificial modification of the gruntings and roarings of our more natural ancestors. In any case, however honourable the reverend gentleman's motives may be, it is alarming to think of the effect on morality of disseminating such views as his. What, for instance, is to become of holy matrimony itself, one of the most artificial of restraints, if we are invited to imitate the distressing irregularities observable in the natural state whether of men or brutes? In brief, not only consistency but simple decency surely demand the silencing of such extraordinary attacks on that basis of artificiality whereon, in the very teeth of nature, the whole structure of our civilization has so laboriously been raised.—Yours, &c.,

A. M. AZED.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

SIR,—As this is a mealy-mouthed generation, where truth is rarely spoken except behind the backs of those whom it concerns, one ought to be rather pleased with the letter in this week's NATION which ends up with the remark: "But one does not need to be a Wordsworthian to know that only an ass could write: 'If one sincerely likes modern French poetry, Wordsworth recedes.'" On the quoted observation the reproof is, in all conscience, richly deserved—but there is a little more to Mr. Aldington than might be guessed from the letter of "J. M. K." It was not an ass who wrote, from the trenches during the war:—

"Impotent,
How impotent is all this clamour,
This destruction and contest. . . .

"Night after night comes the moon
Haughty and perfect;
Night after night the Pleiades sing
And Orion swings his belt across the sky.
Night after night the frost
Crumbles the hard earth.
Soon the spring will drop flowers
And patient creeping stalk and leaf
Along these barren lines
Where the huge rats scuttle
And the hawk shrieks to the carrion crow.

"Can you stay them with your noise?
Then kill winter with your cannon,
Hold back Orion with your bayonets
And crush the spring leaf with your armies!"

Nor was it an ass who wrote that bitter and accomplished post-war satire "A Fool in the Forest." Aldington's "Voltaire" was a disappointment—it ought to have been a brilliant book and it turned out to be industriously fifth-rate. But, while it is still permissible to put the best of a man's work against his occasional lapses and perversity, one is not going to have Mr. Aldington briefly dismissed as an ass. It was asinine to dismiss the classical grandeurs—and descents—of Daddy Wordsworth so cavalierly, but as poet and scholar there was (and one hopes there still is) far, far more in Richard Aldington than in most of his much more widely saluted contemporaries.—Yours, &c., GORDON PHILLIPS.

Manchester.

June 27th, 1927.

SARGENT AND IMPRESSIONISM

SIR,—I suspect that the Bell-Fry-Woolf Ogpu have signed Sargent's artistic death warrant. I think this judgment is based on a misunderstanding. Granting the great importance of an artist's sexual life, and if we knew more about Sargent's hormones we should know more about his art, I urge that it is a mistake to consider Sargent apart from his nationality. I do not believe that Mr. Woolf knows the New England biped. The New Englander is not a "man without passion" merely because he does a thing in cold blood. Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson love to write poems, and good poems, about passionate New Englanders who spend days of anxious thought before they lick a postage stamp. Even if we had a chart of every artist's periodicity, his Wassermann report, and his signed confession, I urge that his nationality would still count. That Sargent became so expressive in paint and particularly in water-colour is a minor miracle. A miracle especially in its American aspect, considering his epoch.

As to his attempt to define impressionism, is there not a little emotional astigmatism in Mr. Woolf's saying that it is gibberish? To me it seems intelligible. It says, to put it concretely, that at twilight the impressionist observes on his retina the purple colour-value of what he is prevented by the bad light from seeing as a red cow. This was no giant stride of Sargent's intellect, but he did mean something, even if he were as clumsy in words as he was the reverse in paint.—Yours, &c., FRANCIS HACKETT.

WHY NOT AN EMPIRE BOOK-MARKETING BOARD?

SIR,—I have watched with considerable interest the recent discussion regarding books and their publication from various points of view—authors, publishers, book-

buyers, book-lovers, and lay readers—but I think there is yet another aspect of it which no one has touched upon—I mean the circulation of English books outside England and its importance to English publishers.

I will confine my attention to India and Bengal in particular. The medium of instruction in the colleges of all the universities in India is English. I may mention, by the way, that the "number of students at the (Calcutta) University at a time exceeds the total number of students of all the universities of England, Scotland, and Ireland at the same time" (*vide* the Calcutta University Commission Report). The number of students who sat for the Matriculation Examination in March this year reached the total of 19,372. Considering only Bengal, then the public for English literature is not inconsiderable. What is true of Bengal is true also of most of the provinces of India; and for this English-reading public there is no organization in England to cater to India's particular choice and needs. Seven and sixpence for an average English book is much too dear for a poor country like India. Why not an Empire Book-Marketing Board, which should study Empire requirements and recommend certain books to be published cheaper specially for the Indian and Overseas markets simultaneously with their publication in England?

I know that only the works of known authors can be thus published, and that no experiment can be made with new authors. But that will be distinct gain to men with very limited means like ourselves. Some books are published cheaper than the original price a considerable time after their first publication, but by that time their authors have already two or three new books to their credit, lessening considerably the contemporary interest in the former works. There are certainly some very great and brilliant exceptions.

You are not probably aware how popular H. G. Wells and G. B. Shaw are with the literate public in general and students of the universities in particular. At a local library "The Outline of History" is even now booked for two or three months in advance, the particular members not taking out any book in the meantime in order to make their claim doubly sure. It is almost the same case with every work of Shaw. W. B. Yeats has a vogue. Some of the Continental authors, too—in English translation of course—have enormously large readers, and they, to their infinite regret, cannot become buyers. Among Continental authors Johan Bojer and Knut Hamsun, Romain Rolland, G. Hauptmann, Benavente, and all the host of Russian authors are extraordinarily popular with every section of the literate populace of India.

My idea in writing this letter has a personal and almost a selfish interest. If one day this "Empire Book-Marketing Board" be an accomplished fact which will render the same service in the case of copyright and newly printed books as the "Everyman Library" renders so admirably in the case of out-of-copyright works, I will be the proud possessor of some books I cherish but cannot afford to buy, having at present to read library copies, soiled and dirty owing to too much use.—Yours, &c., BIRENDRANATH GUPTA.

157/1, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta (India).

June 9th, 1927.

THE CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEE OF WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged if I might trespass on your space in order to draw attention to the usefulness, both actual and potential, of the Consultative Committee of Women's Organizations, whose annual meeting took place on June 23rd. This Committee, of which Lady Astor is the President and Lady Galway the Chairman, provides at its monthly meetings a common platform for the discussion of questions interesting to its fifty-seven constituent societies. These meetings offer practically the only opportunity for smaller societies to express their views in public, and if the Committee did not exist it would often be impossible for propagandist associations to hear the opposite side to their cherished opinions. The debate organized by the Committee not long ago between Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., and Miss Doris Stevens, a well-known American feminist, was an

example of the way in which controversial questions can be tackled on an impartial platform.

Unfortunately, owing to the small subscription which the majority of constituent societies can afford to give, the Committee is suffering from a shortage of funds, and badly needs the support, not only of further societies, but of individuals interested in women's questions. Its cause should appear especially worth while to intelligent women who would like to see the fruit of impartial research made accessible, as it is in America by such organizations as the Research Department of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, to women's and other societies. Three years ago the Consultative Committee produced a most valuable little study on the Housing Problem, and with more funds at its command it could very appropriately undertake the disinterested investigation of such burning questions as that of restrictive legislation for women, where opinion badly needs to be reinforced by scientific knowledge.

Anyone who is interested in the impartial discussion of

controversial topics, or in the possibility of research work on subjects too often given publicity by prejudice alone, may find out more about the work and projects of the Committee by writing to the Secretary, Consultative Committee of Women's Organizations, 92, Victoria Street, S.W.1.—Yours, &c.,
VERA BRITAIN.

THE MALTHUSIAN LEAGUE

SIR,—I beg you will kindly allow me to inform your readers that, on July 26th, the Malthusian League will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary by a dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, and the public is invited to apply for tickets (10s. 6d.). Among the speakers will be Mr. J. M. Keynes, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mrs. Annie Besant who was the League's first secretary.—Yours, &c., C. V. DRYSDALE,
President.

120, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.
June 11th, 1927.

THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER

By KATHARINE WEST.

THOSE who believe that a great many too many books and articles are written every week, and who wish to save an exhausted public from the pitiless activity of writers, should form a society similar to that which puts Bibles in the hotel bedrooms of commercial travellers. But in this case, the book would be "Modern English Usage," in which compact, navy-blue volume Mr. H. W. Fowler has gathered together under derisive headings all the mistakes and lapses that the modern writer is heir to. Here he points out illogicalities, dissects ill-constructed sentences, and prosecutes offences against literary law and taste. He has successfully set himself up as the defender of the English language and her threatened purity; and in so doing has also become the arbiter of literary manners. He is at once the King Arthur and the Beau Nash of English letters, to whom such a society would be a fitting monument. The society would have many members, especially among the readers and writers of books, and their subscriptions would be devoted to the purchase of "Modern English Usage," and its distribution among members of the Authors' Club, and the offices of newspapers, reviews, and magazines.

Let us imagine its disclosure at the breakfast table of a self-assured literary critic, who has heard of it, knows its use, and welcomes it as an addition to his already elaborate apparatus for postponing work. Cigarettes are, of course, the basis of this paraphernalia of pottering, for every honest writer knows that they are valuable rather as a hindrance than an aid to composition. If his honesty goes still further, he will also include most reference books in this class: Roget's "Thesaurus," because failure to find a word in it occupies much valuable time; "The Writers' and Artists' Year Book," because it is so much pleasanter to imagine a finished article neatly printed in CORNHILL or the SATURDAY REVIEW, than to write the article itself. But now our critic finds that a greater than Roget has arisen, and that Mr. Fowler has provided a lifelong occupation for the man who loves to play with words, and puzzle over them.

As a reference book, it has this serious defect—that, however conscientiously you look up one particular point, you are inevitably led astray too soon by some alluring side-issue. Our critic, for instance, opens the book by chance at "Novelese"; but he is soon drawn off this scent by the still more appetising hare called "Vogue Words," and then again by the faint insistence of "see Meticulous." So innumerable are the tracks of these fascinating hares,

and so inextricably blended. But "meticulous" holds him to the end, and he has no heart now to pursue his original researches. He had hoped to laugh at novelists and their novelese, being himself a critic of fiction; but now the laugh is against reviewers too, and he is ashamed. For he had succumbed so willingly to the enticements of "meticulous"; he had splashed it about over his reviews; and had, in fact, only abandoned it after its currency in journalistic petty-cash had robbed him of his sense of superiority. It had been such a pretty, glittering trifle, like one of those glass bangles with which the *chic* woman had to adorn her arms in 1923; and had had to be discarded—as they were discarded by the elect as soon as the Hammersmith Palais de Danse rang with their shrill clamour.

He is humbled now, and meekly accepts Mr. Fowler's invitation to throw "meticulous" on the scrap-heap of "Superfluous Words." Convinced of his sin, and eager to atone for it, he turns to these "Superfluous Words" in search of other victims for the holocaust. There he finds his favourite *flamboyant*, and his staunch ally *mentality*; while, looking guiltily at "Literary Critic's Words," he finds that the invaluable *banal*, the serviceable *concision*, and (once again) the lamented *meticulous* are stigmatized as meaningless and meretricious.

This is becoming a little too much. He refuses to be trampled on, and resolves to defend some at least of his old friends. It is preposterous, for instance, to claim with Mr. Fowler that "tradition" is a synonym for "folklore"; it would be pedantry to speak of the "Royal Highlanders" when you mean the Black Watch; while to call a chiropodist a "corn-cutter" savours, surely, of that Wardour Street English which Mr. Fowler himself so rightly denounces? As for his sweeping condemnation of Gallicisms: let him, if he can, find English equivalents for *apache*, *carte blanche*, or *borné*! But this article on French words is dangerous ground. Our critic would murmur that he must walk delicately where angels fear to tread, were he not afraid that Agag, and fools that rush in, may be numbered among "Irrelevant Allusions." In good, plain English—Mr. Fowler's comments have made him ashamed of his irresponsible use of *impayable*, *bien entendu*, and *les convenances*, and he is too far humbled even to make a scapegoat of Mr. Clive Bell.

The shame grows as he dips into page after page of apt fault-finding; and while the blood mantles his cheek, it also goes to his head, and induces an embarrassing con-

fusion which eventually atrophies his power to write. When he turns at last to a neglected "middle" and reads it through, a score of doubtful points send him gibbering back again to "Modern English Usage." Should he write *St. James'* or *St. James's*? May he, after all, begin his sentences with conjunctions, and end them with prepositions? Has he insensibly acquired a mannerism? Can he spell? Henceforth, not a phrase can be written, not a comma placed, before he has consulted the oracle, and therefore he will write no more. For he is obsessed by the malign determination of words to shape themselves awry, and to entangle him in the meshes of "Battered Ornaments, Facetious Formations, Haziness, Needless Variants, Object Shuffling, Sturdy Indefensibles, Presumptuous Word-Formation," or that dark mystery which is called "Legerdemain With Two Senses."

NERVES AND MUSCLES

By PROFESSOR A. V. HILL, F.R.S.

IV.—THE STRENGTH AND EFFICIENCY OF MUSCLES*

MUSCLES are machines in many respects like those which we employ to do our work; but in some ways they are superior to other machines. Their most obvious advantage is that they need no looking after: they need not be oiled or adjusted: they do not require cleaning or repair: they go on for many years without any attention whatever: they are very superior machines. They are also very efficient. By "mechanical efficiency" an engineer means the proportion of the energy which he puts into the machine that can be turned out as useful mechanical work. If a steam engine has a 10 per cent. efficiency it will supply 10 units of useful work for every 100 units of energy with which it is provided. The efficiency of a muscle, measured by the ratio of the mechanical work which it can do to the energy of the fuel (foodstuffs) with which it is provided, may be 25 per cent. or more, which compares quite well with the best machines of human manufacture.

Steam engines without condensers, about 7½ per cent.

Steam engines with condensers, 9 to 18 per cent.

Gas engines, 14 to 28 per cent.

Diesel engines, 29 to 35 per cent.

Muscles are enormously strong. Even the isolated muscle of a frog, which is not a very strong animal, can exert quite astonishing force: it may easily lift a thousand times its own weight. In ordinary life we do not notice the enormous force which muscles can exert. In a limb they are usually working at a great mechanical disadvantage: they are pulling very close to the fulcrum of a lever, whereas the load may be ten times, or more, as far away. Sometimes, however, the mechanical disadvantage is not so great; for example, in the jaw of a fish or in the claw of a lobster: and the force that can be exerted is correspondingly greater. In most cases animals work on a very high gear: they have sacrificed strength in order to secure speed of movement. In some cases, however, as in the jaw, speed is not so necessary, while strength is all-important and the gearing-up is less: then we can see directly the very powerful force which muscles can exert.

The biceps and brachialis anticus muscles together, of a fairly muscular man, have been found to weigh about half to three-quarters of a pound. In a single contraction of the muscles of such a man work may be done sufficient

to raise a ¾-lb. weight 100 ft. into the air. These muscles are working at a mechanical disadvantage of about 10 to 1. In an ordinary healthy man they are capable (in the two arms together) of holding a weight, even with this mechanical disadvantage, rather greater than the weight of the man himself, not perhaps of holding it for long, but certainly for a few seconds. Let us assume that they can hold a horizontal rod weighing 200 lbs. for a second or two. The mechanical disadvantage is 10 to 1, so the force of the muscles must be ten times this, namely, about 2,000 lbs., 1,300 to 2,000 times their own weight, not far short of a ton.

This strength of muscles is the more remarkable when we remember the material of which they are made—a jelly-like substance with very fine membranes covering the individual fibres. With such material the factor of safety cannot be great, and we find not seldom, especially in athletes, that the muscles tear and tendons break when subjected to excessive strains. Part of the stiffness and soreness which result from violent exercise, when we are out of training, is very likely due to actual mechanical tearing of some of the fibres and membranes of the muscles. Bruises are certainly due to mechanical breakage of the tissues and blood-capillaries, which appear to be much stronger in some persons than in others.

The voluntary muscles differ from one another enormously in speed. The slowest cross-striated muscle known is one which works the gastric mill of the crayfish. The stomach of the crayfish has a machine for grinding up his food, and this machine is worked by a muscle which may take half a minute or more to give a single twitch. Even the leg muscles of the tortoise, especially after he has been having his winter sleep, may be very slow. I once met a tortoise whose biceps cruris muscle took more than half a minute to complete a single contraction; in consequence of his slowness, and the very ready summation of his individual twitches to fuse together into a prolonged contraction, he seemed to be singularly unaffected by fatigue: indeed, he resisted very strongly for a long time when we tried to get him to put his head out of his shell. At the other end of the scale we come to some muscles of amazing quickness—those that work the wings of insects. One can recognize a mosquito from the high pitch of the note given out by his wings as they beat the air. Buzzing flies, wasps and bees have each their characteristic sound. The pitch of a note betokens the number of vibrations per second of the air through which it comes.* In the case of some of these insects the wings are going 300 times or more per second, 10,000 times as fast as the crayfish, or that particular tortoise I encountered.

Between these two extremes we find every kind of muscle and every variety of speed. Little birds are amazingly quick in their movements: the sloth is amazingly slow: in general, the smaller creatures are the quicker. Even in a single animal, for example, in ourselves, the movements vary greatly from one part of the body to another. The muscles that work the eyelid move extremely rapidly in order to protect the eye from harm: they are able to shorten so rapidly because the object they move is so small and light. On the other hand, try as we will, we cannot move our arms or fingers more than ten times a second, and even so the movements are only very little ones. We may congratulate ourselves on our quickness as compared with a tortoise, a lobster, an elephant, or an ox, but we make a pretty poor showing when compared with a wasp or a mosquito, or even with a robin or a squirrel. Why should we not move faster? Why, in a

* Professor Hill's previous articles appeared in THE NATION on June 11th, 18th, and 25th.

* That the speed really corresponds to the pitch of the note was proved by Marey, who allowed the beating wings of an insect to write on a rapidly moving drum, so that he was enabled to count the beats.

world where quickness is so essential, where in the struggle for existence rapidity of movement even more than strength may be the determining factor, should we not have developed muscles as rapid as those of insects? The answer is quite simple: if we did so we should break.

The muscles of the wasp's wings are very short, but if they were ten times, or a hundred times, as long they would take no longer to contract. The time taken in a contraction depends not on the length, or breadth, or thickness, of a muscle, but only upon its intrinsic qualities. If each millimetre of a muscle fibre takes one-hundredth of a second to shorten, then if there are 100 separate millimetres of muscle in a row, each shortening in a hundredth of a second, the whole muscle also will shorten in that time, if they all start off together, as they very nearly do. Let us try to imagine what would happen if we could shorten our muscles, if, for example, we could raise our arms, in one-hundredth of a second.

To make it clearer, let us take a *long* glass rod. We can swing it backwards and forwards provided that we do not move it too quickly. Let us take it by one end and slowly wave it from side to side; its inertia is not sufficient, at a low speed, to put any great strain upon it. Let us, however, try to move it rapidly; it snaps off sharply just beyond one's hand. Let us now take a *short* glass rod and try the same experiment again. We may wave it and jerk it as we please, and it remains intact. To make the experiment properly, if we take a glass rod one-tenth of the length, we should also take it one-tenth of the thickness. Let us do so; we find that still it will not break, however rapidly we wave it round. The experiment is simple and obvious, but it gives us the answer we require.

An animal is made of very breakable material. It is easy to snap the muscle fibres, the tendons, and the bones. Just as any engineering structure is built with a certain factor of safety, so we are too: Nature is just as sound an engineer as you can find in Victoria Street, and learnt millions of years ago the same lessons as engineering students learn now. It would obviously be a very good thing if we could move faster; just as obviously it would be a very bad thing if we broke whenever we moved. Our present state is a compromise between the two. It is not unusual for an athlete to tear a tendon, or to strain a muscle, and not unknown even for him to pull a piece off a bone by an exceedingly violent effort. We are obviously not far from our limit of safety. If we doubled our speed of movement the number of strains and breakages would increase very many times, and athletics would become a highly dangerous pastime. Arguing, therefore, from the case of the glass rod, we now can see why smaller animals can have a greater quickness of movement. A squirrel is one-twelfth as long as we are, and I imagine that his bones are about one-twelfth as thick as ours. Our experiment with the glass rod teaches us that it would be safe for him to move many times as often as we can in every second; in fact, theory suggests twelve times as often. Actually we know how extraordinarily rapid are his movements. What he loses in length of stride he gains in frequency of movement. A little dog can run very nearly as fast as a big dog, by moving his legs more often.

In the past there used to be gigantic animals on this earth; awkward creatures they must have been, and very slow. The same factors which prevent us from moving as rapidly as a robin must have prevented one of these great animals from moving as fast as we can. If his enemies were small and active it must have been very difficult and trying for him to have to deal with them. If he did not move quickly enough he would lose in the struggle for existence; if Nature allowed him to move too quickly he would break.

A WINGED DAVID

DAVID was about four and three-quarter inches long from the point of his beak to the end of his tail, and he weighed, perhaps, two ounces, but he had the heart of a lion. The courage of birds in defence of their young is almost proverbial, but as a rule their courage takes the form of feint rather than attack. I have watched a partridge, feigning a broken wing, entice an active terrier well away from its brood by fluttering for a couple of hundred yards or so before it, barely evading capture, until it rose and flew away; and I have seen the same manoeuvre practised between my feet by such small birds as the black-cap and the reed-bunting. The lapwing's method is more direct and bolder, for a lapwing will approach sometimes so close that you can feel the draught from his wings upon your face and could strike him, were he less agile, with a stick: but all the time he is trying to lure rather than to drive you away. My winged David was without guile, and deserves to be put in a class by himself.

The encounter came about in this way: I had been reading Hudson's "Hampshire Days," and had been greatly intrigued by his description of the struggles of a young cuckoo to eject its foster brethren from the nest. Those who have read the chapter will remember that he suggests that the weak and apparently helpless young parasite, irritated by the contact of the eggs, or young birds, as the case may be, wriggles and fidgets till one of them, forced up between his body and the side of the nest, falls into the hollow of his back, which is the most irritable part of his anatomy. Thereupon—Hudson described events of which he was an eye-witness—some acute nervous reaction gives it unnatural strength, and, with a convulsive movement like that of a man in a fit, it springs erect, and, with violent jerks of its body, hurls its unwelcome companion over the side.

Being anxious myself to witness this phenomenon, I visited a spot well known to me where I hoped to find, as in former years, a sedge-warbler's nest with a cuckoo's egg in it. For not only nesting birds, but the parasitical cuckoo also, are apt to return from year to year to the same spot.

I found what I sought. The sedge-warbler was not sitting very closely, and I judged that incubation was not far advanced. I visited the nest as often as I could; but when first I saw the young cuckoo, he was already the sole occupant of the nest.

Greatly disappointed, I looked round for evidences of the eviction, and found, in the grass below the nest, two unbroken eggs. I picked one of them up and placed it in the hollow of the young cuckoo's back. This sudden pressure upon what, according to Hudson's observation, was the most sensitive nerve centre, ought, I felt, to produce an even more violent convulsion than those he had described. But my attention was distracted by a wholly unlooked-for diversion. As I withdrew my hand, a tiny feathered fury hurled himself at it, and, for a fraction of time difficult to estimate, but quite appreciable, a ferocious sedge-warbler was hanging by its tiny bill to the skin between the thumb and first finger. Instinctively I retreated, and the bird took cover near the nest uttering its harsh alarm cry.

The cuckoo, meanwhile, appeared to be in no way inconvenienced by the egg, and made no attempt to get rid of it; so I removed it, half hoping that, as I did so, I should again be attacked. I was, albeit with somewhat less vehemence, though the tiny bird—this winged David whose mighty heart made light of the human Goliath—beat upon my fingers with his wings. It would not have been fair to try him further, so I left him, ruminating as I went upon that strange perversion of the parental instinct which leads the foster parents of an ugly parasite to tend it with a devotion which culminates in a frenzy of self-sacrificing toil as they strive to satisfy the growing voracity of their gigantic changeling.

MORYS GASCOWEN.

THE NEW REGENT STREET

WHEN the King made his recent State visit to the new Regent Street he gave ceremonial recognition to the most important architectural event which has taken place in England during the present century. This event has a double significance, for, while the new street itself is an achievement upon which we have some reason to congratulate ourselves, the destruction of the old Regent Street may yet appear to future historians to be a more sensational architectural occurrence.

With the passing of Nash's masterpiece, Londoners gradually became aware that they had lost something which they had loved, but loved insufficiently. To many it seemed as if the very soul of the Metropolis were enshrined in that golden stretch of stucco extending for nearly a mile from the Duke of York's column to All Souls' Church. The old Regent Street, however, had one serious fault—it did not reflect the spirit of our modern hustling, industrialized society. Yet no one has entered into our national heritage of great art if he views without regret the disappearance of the stucco architecture of the early nineteenth century, which in its lightness and grace contributed so much to the beauty of our towns. Its counterpart is nowhere to be found outside this country, and in certain respects it represented the highest development of urban classic achieved in all Europe. If the old Regent Street was characteristically and splendidly English while its successor seems alternately French, German, or American, that is, of course, the penalty we pay for our cosmopolitan education.

It is not disputed that many of the façades in the existing thoroughfare, and especially those erected about twenty years ago, are much inferior to the ones they displaced. Nevertheless, we shall be showing worldly wisdom of a not dishonourable kind if we now accept the new Regent Street as an accomplished fact and find pleasure in discovering and proclaiming to others such virtues as it possesses. In their general composition the buildings most recently erected are the best. The New Quadrant makes less impression by the accomplished Gallicism of its detail than by the bold sweep of the curved cornice in which its silhouette follows the handsome profile pre-ordained by Nash. Such an imposing repetitive design cannot fail to have a certain metropolitan splendour, which even the rustic roof, with its double row of dormers, adopted out of deference to Norman Shaw's unhappy Piccadilly Hotel, does not seriously diminish. The Quadrant does much to redeem the new Regent Street, and the new Piccadilly Circus, or Piccadilly Square as it must now be called, is faced by imposing façades—Swan & Edgar's shop and the County Fire Office, which have an interesting pattern of fenestration. Looking towards the Quadrant from Oxford Circus, one obtains the impression that the uniformity of material and of building heights gives to the street a considerable measure of unity which is not elsewhere to be found in the thoroughfares of London. Unfortunately, the square section of the street, the equality between the width of the road and the height of buildings on either side gives an uncomfortable proportion, for which defect, however, the architects of the new façades are, of course, not responsible. Without doubt, the street expresses commercial prosperity, and even an opulence, which, fortunately, is not allowed to show itself in too outlandish ways, as the wise decision of the Crown authorities to disallow the encroachment of Liberty's Tudor front upon Regent Street itself well testifies.

A detailed analysis of the merits and demerits of individual façades in the street could well occupy a whole book. Suffice it for the present to say that, while the rebuilding of Regent Street has taken about thirty years to accomplish, its design in many parts shows evidence of hasty conception. The existing buildings are destined to last about a hundred years. But art is long, and it is to be hoped that even now ambitious designers are constructing models which will help our descendants to build yet a third Regent Street expressive of civic harmonies greater than those conceived in the generation just ended.

A. TRYSTAN EDWARDS.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

TO introduce a disreputable and fascinating character from low life into a respectable middle-class family is a favourite way of obtaining certain rather obvious effects on the stage. Mr. Shaw has done it exquisitely in "Pygmalion." "Wild-Cat Hetty" at the Savoy Theatre was perhaps inspired by the letter of "Pygmalion," but unfortunately not by its spirit, for this play is equally devoid of resemblance to both high and low life. When the young psychologist, Stephen Tredegar (a believer in environment), brings "Wild-Cat Hetty," whom he has rescued from a street brawl, into his aunt's suburban home and accepts the challenge of Professor Raikes (a believer in heredity) to turn her into a lady, we know all too well that both the plaster cast, standing ready to be broken in a corner of the room, and Stephen's heart are doomed. The serious and passionate portions of "Wild-Cat Hetty" are quite inept, but it improves slightly when it lapses frankly into farce. Miss Dorothy Minto is very engaging as Hetty, though I prefer her cockney accent (which she occasionally forgot) to the one she adopted when reciting Shakespeare. Mr. Paul Cavanagh, as Stephen, did not quite bring off his portrayal of a flower of British manhood. Perhaps the best acting of the evening was contributed by Mr. J. H. Roberts, who was quite amusing as Professor Raikes.

The management of Playroom Six, which hops undismayed from one flower to another, alighted last week on the red-hot pokers of D'Annunzio. People who have never seen a play by D'Annunzio will doubtless be glad to see "The Honeysuckle," which is, ultimately, a rearrangement of Hamlet for the Bay of Naples. I have a particular dislike for the works of D'Annunzio, and make no exception in the case of "The Honeysuckle," which remains a shocking piece of bombast, even when wisely cut down to half its original length. No doubt rhetoric is more suited to the Italian than the English language, but even in the original D'Annunzio will nearly always be displeasing to English minds. But the minority who admire him, and others actuated by curiosity, will see the best performance that Playroom Six has yet given in a full-length play. All the acting was good, while Mr. Horatio Taylor and Miss Molly M'Arthur shone as producer and stage designers. The setting was very pretty indeed.

The recent productions of William Fox have been equal in technique to the best American films. That is clear from "One Increasing Purpose" shown at the Astoria last week. In this film the outdoor scenes of London and the old-world village of Denham are beautifully taken. (Why do British films invariably make up their London sets in the studio?) But the story in a film is more important than photography and technique. "One Increasing Purpose" is from the novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson. However good the novel may be, it makes an unsatisfactory film. However well-cast, well-acted, and well-directed the film (this was all three), it cannot be a great film if the story is unsuitable for the screen. A novel is one form of art and a film another. To mix them up is hopeless. Until film producers get away from the idea that they must film successful novels or commission successful novelists to write for them, the art of the screen will never develop. Writing for the films is as different from writing a novel or play as play-writing is from novel-writing. (Yes, there have been a few novels which have made good films, but that is because they have been primarily "screen" stories or bad novels.) The story in "One Increasing Purpose" preaches the moral of unselfishness—giving instead of getting. Good, Mr. Fox, but it is really fatal to moralize in print on the screen—to throw up captions about "K.O.H. (Kingdom of Heaven) Kindness." If a film has to preach a moral, it must do it by parable.

The exhibition of paintings and sculptures, which forms a part of the centenary celebrations of University College, "does not profess," says Professor Henry Tonks in a modest preface, "to give anything but a passing view"

of the work of the Slade School, but this passing view gives welcome evidence of the vigour and vitality which the Slade, unlike some other art schools, has succeeded in fostering in its pupils. Many of the pictures indeed will be fairly familiar to those who are interested in modern art, but these are all of the kind that it is very pleasant to see again. There are paintings by such highly respected Academicians as Sir William Orpen, Walter Sickert, and Augustus John; there is the well-known "Doll's House," by William Rothenstein, and an admirable still life by Mark Gertler; while Wyndham Lewis, Miss Winifred Knights, and Robin Guthrie are there to represent the younger school. One of the pictures which one is always glad to see again is the "Apple-Gatherers," by Stanley Spencer; and two charming scenes by Gilbert Spencer are sufficient to prove that he has a fine and original talent. Two of the best portraits in the exhibition are the charming pictures of "Dorelia" and herself, by Miss Gwen John, whose reputation like that of Gilbert Spencer is probably overshadowed far more than it ought to be by an elder brother's fame. Altogether this is a most interesting show.

Those who appreciate humour in art should enjoy the little exhibition of paintings and drawings by Mr. William Roberts which is now to be seen in the gallery of the London Artists' Association at 163, New Bond Street. Consider, for instance, the charming picture entitled "Newspapers," which occupies the centre of the main wall. The subject is an extremely simple one. On one side of a small table, containing sheets of paper, some spectacles, and a pipe, is seated a big clumsy creature, with a vast bull-neck, holding his chin in his hand, and looking out before him with a puzzled air; behind, two slighter figures, in more or less contorted attitudes, are apparently trying, not very successfully, to help him in his problem; while on the other side sits a red-haired woman, with her back to us, looking through more sheets of paper; but in this little study, which is a delightful combination of purples and greens, of browns and greys, you seem to get the concentrated atmosphere of the modern Press. Just below there is an admirable sketch of a prize-fight, very bright and gay, while on the wall opposite is a grotesque representation of a pawnshop.

We are glad to see that Strindberg's "Spook Sonata," which we noticed last week, is now being produced for a short run at the Strand Theatre, and that Captain Knight's "Golden Eagle" film continues its successful course at the Polytechnic.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, July 2nd.—

Solomon, Chopin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.
Royal Air Force Flying Display, Hendon, noon.

Sunday, July 3rd.—

Mr. Norman Angell on "The Ethics of Force in International Affairs," South Place, 11.

Monday, July 4th.—

Mr. Julian Frank's "The Man Responsible," at the Royalty.

Mr. John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," at Brixton Theatre.

"Secrets of the Soul," Marble Arch Pavilion.

Readings of Poems by Edith, Osbert, and Sacheverell Sitwell, New Chenil Galleries, 8.45.

Tuesday, July 5th.—

Mrs. Patrick Campbell on "Diction and Dramatic Art," at the Lyric, Hammersmith, 8.15.

O.U.D.S. in "The Tempest," Botanical Gardens.

"The Grandmother," at the Arts Theatre Club.

Paul Leyssac, Dramatic Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.

Wednesday, July 6th.—

Professor Ashley H. Thorndike on "Shakespeare and America," Royal Society, Burlington House, 5.15.

Os-Ke-Non-Ton, Recital of Red Indian Music, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Thursday, July 7th.—

Emilio Colombo, Violin Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.30.

Dorothy Astra, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.

OMICRON.

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. (Gerrard 3929.) MONDAY NEXT, at 8.
Subs. Evenings, 8.15. Matinees, Wednesday and Friday, at 2.30.

"THARK."

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

AMBASSADORS. (Ger. 4460.) EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.

MARIE TEMPEST in
"THE SPOT ON THE SUN."

By JOHN HASTINGS TURNER.

BRURY LANE. EVGS., 8.15. MATS., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

"THE DESERT SONG." A New Musical Play.

HARRY WELCHMAN. EDITH DAY. GENE GERRARD.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Gerrard 0313

Nightly at 8.30. Matinees, Tuesday and Thursday at 2.30.

"NEARLY DIVORCED."

A New Farce, by E. DAGNALL.

FORTUNE THEATRE. Regent 1307.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30. MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

"ON APPROVAL." By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ELLIS JEFFREYS. RONALD SQUIRE.

GARRICK. Gerr. 9513. Nightly, 8.40. Mats., Wed., Thur., 2.30.

MARTIN HARVEY in "THE BURGOMASTER."

By MAETERLINCK. For a limited period only.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, Haymarket. Gerr. 0606.

LEW LESLIE'S

"WHITE BIRDS,"

MAURICE CHEVALIER & MAISIE GAY.

Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs. only, 2.30. Smoking Permitted.

KINGSWAY. (Gerr. 4032.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

JEAN CADELL in

"MARIGOLD."

LYRIC Hammersmith. Riverside 3012. EVENINGS at 8.30.

"WHEN CRUMMLES PLAYED —"

AN entertainment inspired by Charles Dickens.

Produced by NIGEL PLAYFAIR. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. Gerr. 3416. Evgs., 8.45. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.

"MEET THE WIFE." By LYNN STARLING.

CONSTANCE COLLIER. GEORGE TULLY. HENRY DANIELL.

SAVOY THEATRE. STRAND. Gerrard 3366.

"WILD-CAT HETTY."

Evenings at 8.40. Matinees, Monday & Thursday, 2.40.

CINEMAS.

CAPITOL, Haymarket, S.W. Continuous DAILY, 1 to 11. SUNS., 6 to 11.
Commencing Monday next, July 4.

MADGE BELLAMY in "ANKLES PREFERRED."

Also IRENE RICH in "THE CLIMBERS."

POLYTECHNIC THEATRE. Regent Street. Mayfair 2330.

DAILY, at 2.30, 6 & 8.30. (Not Sundays.) LAST WEEKS.

CAPT. KNIGHT presents and personally describes his

GOLDEN EAGLE Film. Prices: 1s. 2d. to 8s. 6d.

Charing
Cross Road.

ASTORIA

Gerr.
5528.

LONDON'S SUPREME CINEMA.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JULY 4th.

"THE LAST TRAIL"
with TOM MIX.

"QUARTER BACK"
RICHARD DIX.

Continuous Daily, 2-11

Prices: 1/3, 1/10, 2/4, 3/6.

Sundays, 6-11

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BEN JONSON

THE third volume of Messrs. Herford and Simpson's edition of Ben Jonson (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 21s.) has just been published. It contains: "A Tale of a Tub," "The Case is Altered," "Every Man in his Humour" (both the Quarto text of 1601 and the Folio text of 1616), and "Every Man out of his Humour." It is a very scholarly edition, invaluable to the serious student of Elizabethan literature, but it is also delightful to anyone who can but claim to be a reader and lover of Ben Jonson.

* * *

When last I wrote about Ben Jonson in these columns, my fate was a good deal of hot water and a hauling over the coals by several critics. Some said that he stood much higher, others that he stood much lower, in popular estimation than I had allowed. Some said that only a high-brow could praise Jonson as I had done. One critic said that my insensibility to literature was shown by my not seeing that Jonson was a great poet. I must admit that my back was like a duck's to this hot water and the coals left me cold. My own opinion is that Jonson stands only just below the very greatest of English writers, but that no writer of his merits is less read or more neglected. My opinion as to his popularity is confirmed by what reputable critics like Sir Edmund Gosse, Mr. Eliot, and Mr. Gregory Smith have written. "His works, greatly admired, are little read," says Sir Edmund Gosse. As to the poetry in Jonson, I happened, when I last wrote about him, to be concerned mainly with his life and character and therefore restrained any inclination to go into ecstasies over his "poetry." The question whether Jonson was a great poet is, too, by no means a simple one to be settled in a few words of enthusiasm. He was, I think, one of the greatest of our writers, but not one of the greatest of our poets. He wrote some beautiful poems, and some beautiful poetry in the Masques, and there are passages of some magnificent poetry scattered about the plays, but as a writer he was not primarily or pre-eminently a poet. Here, too, some of the most reputable critics confirm me, indeed, go further than I would. One may appeal again to Sir Edmund Gosse. Jonson's "indifference to beauty," he says, "tells against him. . . . He was an intellectual athlete of almost unequalled vigour, who chose to dedicate the essentially prosaic forces of his mind to the art of poetry, because the age he lived in was pre-eminently a poetic one."

* * *

Poetry, at any rate, is not a distinguishing feature of the four plays included in the third volume, but two of the plays show clearly the elements of his greatness and of his unpopularity. "A Tale of a Tub" and "The Case is Altered" may be neglected; neither of them is a first-rate work, and the authorship of the second is not absolutely certain. "Every Man in his Humour" and "Every Man out of his Humour," though not among the greatest of his plays, are those in which Jonson began to discover and to disclose himself. They are complicated and subtle works of art, deliberately planned and consciously elaborated. They are intensely original and individual. They contain scenes of superb comedy and masterly characterization (provided that "characterization" is not confined to the method of drawing character of a particular school). There is little or no poetry in them, but the vigour and vitality

of the language are tremendous, and it is already becoming a perfect instrument of Jonson's sombre, sardonic thought and volcanic imagination.

* * *

I reread both of these plays in the past week with uninterrupted enjoyment, and often with amazement that they should be "unpopular." Surely, one feels, even at the lowest, "Every Man in his Humour" is a first-rate comedy, and "Every Man out of his Humour" is that and something more besides. There are scenes in which one can only lie back in one's chair and laugh aloud—the scenes with Bobadil, Puntarvolo with his dog and cat, or Sordido reading the weather almanack. Then there is the raciness of the language and humour, often so "modern" that it might be American—"counsell to him is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sicke horse," or "O, the Iustice! the honestest old braue *Trojan* in *London*! I doe honour the very flea of his dog." Yet, on reflection, one sees why Jonson is "little read" and practically never acted. The real reasons are not the most obvious or the most often given. His language, it is said, is so pedantic that the ordinary man is simply bored by him, while he draws not characters, but types. Jonson loved learning and loved to show it in his writing, but the language, in the greater part of these two plays, is extraordinarily vigorous, racy, and alive. In the Prologue to the rewritten version of "Every Man in his Humour" in the Folio, he claims deliberately to have broken from the tradition of the stage by representing "deedes and language, such as men doe use," and his claim was justified. The often repeated objection to his characters is even more superficial. Jonson's *dramatis personæ* are not characters drawn individually in detail like Hamlet or Othello, but it is not true that they are lifeless types. Most of them are intensely alive with a life peculiar to themselves and to Jonson; they live and are individualized as parts of a whole, the world of Jonson's creation which we recognize as the reflection of the actual world. But this objection to Jonson's characters shows very well why he has failed "to put it across" to most people. Nearly all of us in the arts are incorrigibly conservative. A play or a novel must conform to the type to which we are accustomed. A play must, for instance, have a plot, and its characters must be "real" in a particular way. Here Jonson's rocky individuality and originality ruin him. If you approach "Every Man in his Humour" demanding a Shakespearian comedy with Shakespearian characters, you will be disappointed, and will then exclaim that Puntarvolo is not a character, only a type. But that is not the spirit in which to approach the play. Jonson was not attempting to write a Shakespearian comedy, but something which in form and substance was new and entirely original. He was writing a satire in dramatic form in which the characters are not mere types; they are real people simplified but astonishingly alive. They are perfectly adapted to the whole, but to appreciate them and the play, you have to grasp this whole which Jonson had so clearly in his mind. But if you do, and if you do not insist that Jonson ought to be writing something entirely different, you will see that he has produced a play inferior to very few in English which have not been written either by Shakespeare or by himself.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

DOUGHTY

Charles M. Doughty: a Critical Study. By BARKER FAIRLEY. (Cape. 9s.)

MR. FAIRLEY calls his book "a critical study," so it is perhaps hardly just to express the sense of disappointment we have at finding in it no new facts about Doughty's life and opinions. Doughty was the most reticent and sequestered of all modern masters, and it is human, to say the least of it, to crave for a few details that would ease our understanding of his difficult genius. He is the last author about whom a cautious critic would want to express a definite judgment. There is much that on a hasty consideration might lead to a summary rejection—his deliberate archaicism, his remoteness from modern life and modern feeling, his scorn of modern forms of expression. But who can be sure that he was not right in his solitary attitude? In a century or two, when his archaisms do not seem essentially different, in a general conspectus of English literature, from those of Chaucer or Spenser, he will perhaps stand out gigantically amongst his contemporaries. Of one thing we can be sure: that his was a personality of extraordinary force and positiveness, and that in his writing he found a sincere and exact expression of this personality. And is there, finally, any other criterion in literature?

Much of our inability to appreciate the style of Doughty (and we should distrust those who pretend to like the prose and dislike the poetry—they have essentially the same quality) is due to a prejudice as to the very nature of poetry. There is a general agreement that poetry has one unique quality; it is of a single perfection, of imagination all compact, and if we want an illustration we go unhesitatingly to Shakespeare or Keats. We are, in fact, blind to all but one type of poetry—a type which has many varieties, but whose essence consists in the employment of imagery, suggestion, and fantasy. Its distinctive process is metaphor, and we might call this type of poetry metaphorical poetry. But another kind distrusts and rejects this method of poetic expression and depends entirely on visual representation, on the exact objective significance of words, words with no surplus of vague suggestion or uncertainty of implication. Everything is concrete, and words are used as units in a definite structure rather than as sounds in a musical rhythm. This is Doughty's kind of poetry. Mr. Fairley says of him that "he deprives his words of precisely the quality which another poet might cultivate, and pours his whole energy into isolating them and filling them with their separate and elementary significance. They are brimming with vitality, yet they have no strictly verbal allusiveness, no secondary or metaphorical life. They seem to lose the mental magic proper to words in order to gain the physical magic of natural objects." Such a style is the style of action rather than of contemplation or meditation; it is the epic style, and Doughty is, of course, an epic poet—another fact making for strangeness, for we have had little native epic poetry since Beowulf, and are not used to its conventions.

If we approach the poetry of Doughty not prepossessed by the metaphorical tradition, we cannot fail to recognize an authentic beauty:—

"Men of the sea, they hew away their mast,
Was split; step boom, sling yard, whereon they bend,
A driving sail. But scourges winter blast,
New, o'er sea-deep; which hurries, from her course,
Their tottering carrack. Bound, sits Ithobal,
Unto his helms, all night, in the dark hatch.
He heard, then, in his ears, sound heavenly voice,
Saying, Ithobal, take no thought, for thy ship's course.
He sees, how, midst sea-streams, lies glittering path!
Wherein his ship descending in the West.
From whence, by rudder's sway, or set of sail;
Can he his keel not wrest. But like as stork,
Which, in her season, flits to soil far off:
(Closing her eyes, she beateth her wide wings,
Through the night-murk; and yet she faileth not;)
So Mnason's ship holds to her destined port."

It is true that in a typical passage like this there are words and constructions which hold us up and even baffle us; but many readers commonly overcome such obstacles in reading Chaucer or Spenser, or poetry in a foreign language, and still profess, whether honestly or not, great enjoyment in the deed.

But it is not by his poetic style that Doughty will survive; or rather, the defects of that style, if real, will not weigh at all against the value of his personality and vision, if once that value can be established. Again, it is scarcely a value that appeals to the modern mind. Doughty was first and foremost, as Mr. Fairley insists, a man of action; he was also a humanist of the order of Leonardo or Goethe: he took all knowledge for his province, but knowledge of the exact and positive kind. He was not troubled by any metaphysical or mystical queasiness, such as he attributes to his own Pudens:—

"His heart, wherein is war of opposed parts;
Is like to vast sea-billows' rumorous face,
Whereo'er have some great weathers lately passed.
Wanders his soul, then, as in wilderness;
Where, neath dog-star, without or herb or bush,
Is giddy drought, consuming bitterness;
Where woven have hot winds the sliding sand:
And only is God; and under empty loft,
The fearful echoing of man's forlorn voice."

And that is one more reason why we, a queasy generation, tend to find so little satisfaction in his work.

From the strength and richness of his own nature, which he so abundantly transmits in his writing, there emerges an ideal of personal courage and moral integrity for which we might sacrifice many intellectual systems. It is the figure of an ideal man such as we could not have hoped for, says the author of this book, and adds: "In a very true sense it is an ideal of the English race, in so far as no other race than the English could have produced this particular blend of human qualities." And he says, in conclusion, that Doughty is "great in all his works because he has a new way of seeing life and a new kind of life to give, and whatever he writes shows something of this double faculty. What he sees in life is what lasts longest. Others have seen life in this spirit, but none with Doughty's completeness and intensity. Adam in man and rocks in nature are the key to his outlook upon the world, and its transitory detail, its beauty, its suffering. All that is ageless and continuous in organic and inorganic life holds and inspires him and makes his vision what it is." This is high praise, but Mr. Fairley supports his enthusiasm with subtle perceptions and a convincing assurance. He has written an able and a worthy introduction to Doughty's work, and it is to be hoped that it will have some effect in promoting Doughty's influence. The publishers of "The Dawn in Britain" might help to this end by producing a convenient one-volume edition of that solitary English epic.

HERBERT READ.

FREUDIAN THEORY FROM THE OUTSIDE

Psychopathology, its Development and its Place in Medicine. By BERNARD HART. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.)

DR. BERNARD HART occupies a unique position in the controversies that divide contemporary psychopathologists. In the first decade of this century, at a time when very few people in this country, even among mental specialists, had even heard of Freud's name, Dr. Hart did much to make Freud's earlier work known among his professional brethren. In 1912, in an admirable little book called "The Psychology of Insanity," issued by the same publishers, of which more than 43,000 copies have been sold up to the present date, he made some of the fundamental modern ideas, mostly due to Janet, Freud, and Jung, accessible to a very wide circle of lay readers, and showed with lucidity and success how these ideas are applicable to the normal mind. Though deeply impressed with the value of the Freudian doctrines and freely using them in his own work—in the Preface to "The Psychology of Insanity" he calls Freud "probably the most original and fertile thinker who has yet entered the field of abnormal psychology"—Dr. Hart has never, like another distinguished pioneer in this field, Dr. Ernest Jones, become a professed psycho-analyst. He has always held aloof from the orthodox Freudian school, and in the present work he calls his own attitude towards it one of "benevolent scepticism." The causes of this attitude are evidently two-fold. In the first place he thinks that he can best help his patients by eclecticism, by using any psychotherapeutic method that seems to promise the best and

quickest results in the particular case; and secondly, he is not quite satisfied with the scientific foundations of psycho-analytic theory.

In the work under review Dr. Hart sets out his position with great ability, and in view of his wide knowledge of the literature, his extensive experience in practice, and his conspicuous clearness of thought and fairness of judgment, the view that he takes should carry very great weight with everyone interested in the subject and less well equipped to form a sound opinion.

The larger part of the book consists of three lectures delivered before the Royal College of Physicians in 1926. After a brief summary of what may be called the "pre-history" of psychopathology Dr. Hart deals with the early work on hypnotism and on suggestion by Braid and by Charcot and Bernheim, and proceeds with a critical consideration of the concept of suggestion, a term which, as he shows, has been confusingly used in more than one sense. This leads him to a vindication of the right of psychology to construct its own concepts to explain mental phenomena and a reminder that science is characterized not by the nature of the facts with which it deals, but by its method of dealing with them. In the second lecture Dr. Hart deals with the "persuasionists" whose conceptions and methods are shown to be inadequate, and with the great, though by no means wholly satisfying, advances made by Janet in his work on dissociation and "subconscious" activity. He then comes to the dynamic theories of Freud, which, as an advance to a higher plane of explanation, he compares with the advance made by Newton on the work of Kepler. But we must of course, as he points out, demand that these dynamic theories of the mind should satisfy the canons of science, that they should be real explanations which fit the observed facts and not merely more or less self-consistent constructions, like the Pythagorean theory of numbers or Charcot's theory of hypnosis and hysteria which break down in the face of more extended and accurate knowledge of fact. Dr. Hart shows that, in form at least, Freud's procedure in building up his theory is quite irreproachable from the standpoint of scientific method, that there is no more objection to the form of his concept of the unconscious than to the concept of a weightless and frictionless ether, and that the same is true of the form of his "sexual" theories. If we define "sexual" in the wide sense which Freud uses, there is just as little theoretical objection to "sexual" impulses being used to "explain" a very large part of all mental phenomena as there is to "gravitation" being used to "explain" all movement in the physical universe. Whether the particular conceptions arrived at by Freud have actual scientific validity is a distinct question and one which can only be answered by an appeal to the facts and their relation to the concepts built upon them.

It is to this question that Dr. Hart addresses himself in his third lecture. First he remarks that there is considerable evidence in support of the contention that anyone who will investigate a case by Freud's method will find that the facts observed are as Freud states them to be. But the "facts" are obtained by the method of psycho-analysis, and this method is of such a nature that the possibility of distortion cannot with certainty be excluded. The patient is admitted to stand in a peculiar affective relation to the analyst, and there can be no doubt that under these conditions the interventions of the analyst are effective in modifying the flow of the patient's thought and behaviour. "A lengthy investigation of a patient's mind means that one is no longer examining at the end of the investigation the object which one set out to observe, but an object which has progressively altered during the course of the investigation, and altered in a way which may have been largely determined by the investigation itself." All this would, of course, be freely admitted by psycho-analysts. The process of cure essentially depends on such progressive alteration of the patient's mind. Now it seems to the reviewer that as a matter of pure science Dr. Hart's contention is sound. The "facts" of psycho-analysis are in a different position from facts of observation obtained by more direct methods. The possibilities of distortion cannot be wholly excluded. The ultimate incorporation of the psycho-analytic doctrines in the general fabric of science can only come by the multiplication of confirma-

tions from many sources, until the whole body of relevant data makes it impossible to refuse belief. After all it is a perfectly tenable hypothesis that the later Freudian constructions are valid concepts; and the alterations in the patient's mind which take place during the process of analysis analytic theory professes to explain, or to be in the way of explaining, in detail. In other words, though the object of investigation is not the same at the end as it was at the beginning of the process, we can learn by close observation of the patient's words and behaviour throughout the analysis what the changes are in terms of the Freudian concepts, and ultimately what was the initial situation of which at the time we had no clear knowledge. If the whole thing fits together into an intelligible picture that is confirmed by similar pictures of other cases and by various independent lines of evidence, we cannot, in the long run, refuse to accept the concepts with which we have successfully worked. While Dr. Hart admits that the more elementary Freudian conceptions, which are in fact now very generally accepted and used, are not far removed from direct and perfectly legitimate interpretations of actual facts of observation, he complains that "in the elaborate later theories these [interpretations] become more and more remote." May not this impression be at least partly due to the fact that Dr. Hart does not himself practise psycho-analysis according to its modern developments, and is therefore unfamiliar with their confirmation by direct observation which practising analysts would certainly claim to experience every day?

In regard to Dr. Hart's criticism that Jung's followers, with a different set of preconceptions, find clinical confirmation for their tenets also (and, indeed, the same may be said of Adler's), the explanation of these different results, at first sight seeming to discredit the whole subject, is probably that there is a certain amount of truth in Jung's and Adler's conceptions too, and that a certain degree of clinical confirmation is actually forthcoming when they are used. In dealing with such elusive material as is provided by unconscious mental processes which have to be formulated in terms of conscious ideas that are in certain respects of radically different nature from anything that can become



Care-free Travelling

To avoid the disagreeable results of having large sums of foreign paper-money stolen from one's person or baggage, the Westminster Bank suggests any one of three simple precautions:

- ¶ To ask the Bank to arrange for one's own *cheques* to be cashed by one or more of its Agents abroad.
- ¶ To carry its cheque-shaped *Circular Notes*. These are issued at £5 and £10, and are handy, safe, and well-known all over the world.
- ¶ Equally so is its pink *Letter of Credit* for a pre-arranged sum, any part of which the holder may draw, as required, through any of 3479 separate agencies abroad.

Customers may arrange such precautions quickly through any local branch

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

Head Office: 41 Lothbury, London, E.C.2

conscious, we should not be surprised at such results, which by the way are by no means without parallel in the domain of physical and mathematical science. Quite different formulæ may to a certain extent fit the same phenomena. We must at any given moment work with the formula which fits the phenomena most closely, and if we are to judge by the number and vigour and wide diffusion of the Freudians in comparison with their rivals in psychological analysis, we must conclude that it is the Freudians who are the most successful school on all counts and who have therefore probably, on the whole, the closest approximation to the truth.

As regards independent sources of confirmation which do not depend on the method of psycho-analysis itself, Dr. Hart rightly discounts therapeutic results, though statistics of the proportional numbers and permanence of cures, which are unfortunately not available, would provide some evidence in this direction. On the other hand, he regards the objective facts in the sphere of myth and folklore as providing "formidable arguments in favour of, at any rate, some of the findings of psycho-analysis." In the sphere of insanity, of which he has, personally, great experience, he says the evidence "is perhaps more convincing than in any other field, because phenomena can be observed in the speech and actions of the insane which are entirely conformable to the principles deduced by the psycho-analytic method, and in which any influencing of the patient by the physician is excluded by the nature of the case"; and he quotes Dr. MacCurdy, who points out that Freud's "general conclusions as to the content of the unconscious" are "accurately confirmed by examination of the insane, who do not talk or dream to order." This is, indeed, weighty testimony from two different eminent psychiatrists who are neither of them members of the orthodox Freudian school.

The remainder of the book is occupied by an interesting paper on "The Psychology of Rumour," and by another on "The Methods of Psychotherapy," in which affective therapy, persuasion, and analysis are distinguished, the more radical nature of the last-named, which aims at the discovery, and removal or modification, of the causal factors of mental illness, is pointed out, and the conclusion is reached that the physician should use each in its place with full consciousness of which method he is using.

A. G. TANSLEY.

WAR GUILT

From Bismarck to the World War. By ERICH BRANDENBURG. Translated by A. E. ADAMS. (Oxford University Press. 21s.)

THIS book belongs to the second and more fruitful crop of literature on the "War Guilt" question. It has been written after the immediate passions of the war period have sensibly abated, and in writing it the author has had access to the archives of the German Government. In his preface Professor Brandenburg alludes to the publication of the "Grosse Politik" series, and pleads for similar publications on the other side—a plea which, as far as the British archives are concerned, is already meeting with fulfilment.

We are still, of course, very far from the time when British and German historians will be able to examine the causes of the war of 1914-18 A.D. with the same detachment as they display in dealing with the wars of 218-02 or 431-04 B.C. Many German readers will feel that Professor Brandenburg makes undue allowances in judging British policy; many English readers will feel that he fails to face the enormity of Germany's treatment of Belgium. One of the most balanced, as well as the most interesting, chapters in the book is that which deals with Lord Haldane's visit to Germany and the German Naval Law.

A satisfactory feature in many recent books on Professor Brandenburg's subject is that the investigators tend to envisage the question of the origins of the war in a longer and longer perspective. Professor Brandenburg himself thinks of it in terms, not of thirteen days or of ten years, but of half a century. Nor is he content to trace the genesis of the evil back to this or that encounter, however momentous in itself, between this and that statesman.

"Underneath these European antagonisms there lay a deeper difficulty. It was the discord which increased

throughout the nineteenth century between the State frontiers as settled of old and the principle of Nationality, established with such conquering power by the French Revolution. . . . When Germany . . . bound up her destiny with that of Austria-Hungary and for a long time supported the effort to maintain and strengthen the Turkish Empire . . . she linked up her fresh and vigorous national strength with the corrupt remnant of a decaying empire doomed to destruction, and was thereby involved in its ruin."

This, we may prophesy, is the plane on which the origins of the war of 1914-18 will be viewed by the philosophic historians of the future.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

FICTION

To the Lighthouse. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.)

Fiesta. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Twilight Sleep. By EDITH WHARTON. (Appleton. 7s. 6d.)

A Friend of Antæus. By GERARD HOPKINS. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)

Mother Knows Best, and Other Stories. By EDNA FERBER. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

The Flaming Flower. By ESTRITH MANSFIELD. (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.)

The Magic Mountain. By THOMAS MANN. Translated from the German by H. T. LOWE-PORTER. Two vols. (Secker. 18s.)

"TO THE LIGHTHOUSE" is a novel difficult to judge. Like the last volume on this list, it stands at the summit of the development of a remarkable writer. Its aim is high and serious, its technique brilliant; there are more beautiful pages in it than Mrs. Woolf has written before; a unique intuition and intelligence are at work in it almost continuously, and at high pressure. The difficulties which the author surmounts in it are such as few contemporary novelists would even attempt. Its positive merits are thus very high. Yet as a whole, though showing an advance on many sides, it produces a less congruous and powerful effect than "Mrs. Dalloway." The novel consists of three parts. In the first we have a picture of Mrs. Ramsay's summer household in the Hebrides before the war; in the second an imaginative evocation of time passing over the house, deserted now for several years; in the last Mr. Ramsay's return as a widower with two of his family and two old friends, the remnant of the large circle which has been reduced in the meantime by death and other causes. In the first book James, a young boy, had been promised that he would be taken to the lighthouse, but it rains, and he cannot go. In the last book—he is a youth now—he goes with his father and his sister, and everything is different. The symbolism is plain enough; but in the novel, so entangled is it with other matters, interesting enough in themselves, that it becomes obscured. Actually it is obscured most by the device which should make it most clear: the intermediary book called "Time Passes," which, to add to the difficulty, is the best of the lot, and could only have been written by a writer of profound imagination. For this section, composed in a different key, concerned with entities more universal than the human, entities which do not need human life, but, affecting everything, affect human life, too, inexorably and yet as if heedlessly, is not a real transition from the first section to the last, both conceived in human terms, but something outside them. The time which passes in this interval passes not for the characters in the story, but for everything; it is a natural, an astronomical, a cosmical transition, and not a human one except incidentally; and the result is that when Mrs. Woolf returns to the human plane the sequence seems doubly abrupt. We are not only transported from James's childhood to his youth, we are switched from one dimension of time to another. That this was not the right means to mark the flight of time in this place is shown, I think, by the effect of the third section; for that effect is not intensified, it is, if anything, lessened by what has gone immediately before. Yet one cannot regret that Mrs. Woolf wrote the second section in this book. For imagination and beauty of writing it is probably not surpassed in contemporary prose. But how this kind of imagination can be applied, as one feels sure it can, to the business of the novelist, the shadowing forth of human life, is still a problem to be solved.

Mr. Hemingway is a writer of quite unusual talent. His

Heffer's Announcements.

THE "REPRINTS" SERIES PARLIAMENTARY LOGIC

By Rt. Hon. W. GERARD HAMILTON
("Single-speech Hamilton"). With an introductory Essay and Notes by Prof. COURTNEY STANHOPE KENNY.

No. 1. Sm. Demy 8vo, cloth. 6/- net (postage 4d.)

"The book is a delightful one."—RT. HON. A. BIRRELL
in *Evening News*.

THE STATESMAN

By Sir HENRY TAYLOR. With an introductory Essay by Prof. HAROLD J. LASKI.

(Shortly.)

No. 2. Sm. Demy 8vo, cloth. Probably 6/- net.

THE HISTORY OF POLITICAL SCIENCE FROM PLATO TO THE PRESENT

By R. H. MURRAY.

Demy 8vo, cloth. 12/6 net (postage 9d.).

"A masterly and inspiring work."—*Journal of Education*.

POWERS OF ATTORNEY

Manual of the Law and Practice. Issued by the Chartered Institute of Secretaries.

Demy 8vo, cloth. 3/6 net (postage 6d.).

"An excellent little manual."—*Insurance Record*.

THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT IN GERMAN LITERATURE

Illustrative Texts—Prose and Verse. Selected and arranged by Prof. KARL BREUL (Cambridge).

Crown 8vo, cloth. 505 pp. 7/6 net (postage 6d.).
The only book of its kind. With notes, short biographical sketches, and indexes.

THE PERSISTENT HERITAGE

A NOVEL. By E. TAIT-REID.

Crown 8vo, cloth. 7/6 net (postage 6d.).

The author's first novel, "Mareeya," created quite a stir last year. This is in some respects a sequel to it, but although the same characters appear, the book is very different in conception and in writing.

AN ASIAN ARCADY

By R. LE MAY.

The Land and Peoples of Northern Siam.

Royal 8vo, cloth. 21/- net (postage 1s.).
Lavishly illustrated and with maps.

"Less like a record of travel than a romance."
New Statesman.

SPIRITUAL GRAVITATION

By ALICE DEW-SMITH.

Cr. 8vo, sewed. 2/6 net (postage 3d.).

An aggravating title to a brilliant essay.

THE HEREAFTER AND THE UNDYING HOPE

By R. H. MURRAY.

Cr. 8vo, cloth. 4/6 net (postage 4d.).

"The result of earnest and loving thought."
Expository Times.

W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd.
Cambridge. And of all Booksellers.

A Selection of Cambridge Books

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY

Edited by

J. B. BURY, M.A., F.B.A., S. A. COOK, Litt.D.,
and F. E. ADCOCK, M.A.

Volume VI: Macedonia 401-301 B.C.

Royal 8vo. 30s net.

In this volume the story of Persia and the great events of the age of Alexander are from the pen of Mr W. W. Tarn. The Ascendancy of Sparta, the New Athenian League, and Thebes, are by Dr M. Cary. Professor Bury writes on Dionysius I, and Dr H. R. Hall resumes and completes the history of Ancient Egypt. Dr S. A. Cook carries on the history of the political and religious development of Palestine and of her immediate neighbours. The career of Philip is narrated by Mr A. W. Pickard-Cambridge. Mr Hackforth continues the history of Sicily from the death of the tyrant Dionysius to the death of the liberator Timoleon. Mr Cornford writes of the Athenian Philosophical Schools, and Dr E. Barker discusses Greek Political Thought and Theory in the Fourth Century. Professor Beazley resumes the Survey of Greek Art, and Mr D. S. Robertson that of Greek Architecture.

DEMOCRACY IN THE ANCIENT WORLD

By T. R. GLOVER.

Demy 8vo. 10s 6d net.

Mr Glover tells the story of the rise and fall of Democracy in the Greek and Roman world. He traces its course from its prelude in Homeric times to its zenith in the age of Pericles; and then describes its fluctuations in the fourth century and its gradual decline in the face of the challenge of Alexander and the Achaean League. In the early days of Rome Democracy revives only to decline again with the ascendancy of the Roman Senate, until it virtually ends at the foundation of the Roman Empire.

ESSAYS IN PHILOSOPHY

By JAMES WARD,

late Professor of Mental Philosophy at Cambridge.
With a Memoir of the Author by
OLWEN WARD CAMPBELL.

With 3 illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s net.

This volume of essays, edited by Professor W. R. Sorley and Professor G. F. Stout, is not severely technical; it is in fact "popular"—as the author would have used that word; it has also a certain characteristic unity. It is a series of attempts to approach the problems of philosophy, to understand their conditions, and to contribute to the solution of some of them. Besides their intrinsic value, the essays form part of the author's philosophical biography.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

Volume XV. General Index. Royal 8vo. 25s net.

Contents: Prefatory Note, A List of Contents of the Cambridge History of English Literature, Index of Contributors to the Cambridge History of English Literature, and General Index.

A NEW ANTHOLOGY

compiled by J. C. SQUIRE

THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK OF LESSER POETS

Crown 8vo. 8s 6d net.

The Observer: "No lover or student of British poetry can do without it. . . . Mr Squire's book has a scope, a particularity and a definition which give it a place apart."

The Daily Telegraph: "There is little doubt that this volume will take its place side by side with *The Golden Treasury* and *The Oxford Book of English Verse*."

THE COURT MASQUE

A Study in the Relationship between Poetry and
the Revels.

By ENID WELSFORD.

Demy 8vo. 25s net.

The author's aim has been to interpret the significance of the masque rather than to accumulate new facts about it. She deals with its origin and history, its influence on art and poetry, and discusses certain aspects of it which throw some light upon the nature of art and particularly upon its social value.

ENGLISH GOTHIC FOLIAGE SCULPTURE

By SAMUEL GARDNER.

With 112 plates. Crown 8vo. 7s 6d net.

Mr Gardner has written this book in the hope that it may enhance the pleasure and interest of such visitors to ancient Churches as care for architectural details, and that it may help them to follow the development of one of the most beautiful features.

Cambridge University Press
Fetter Lane, London, E.C. 4

observation is so exact that it has the effect of imagination; it evokes scenes, conversations, characters. His dialogue is by turns extraordinarily natural and brilliant, and impossibly melodramatic; when he has to describe anything he has a sureness and economy which recall Maupassant; he neither turns away from unpleasant details, nor does he stress them. There is, however, a curious inequality among his characters. Brett, the heroine, might have stepped out of "The Green Hat"; she is the sentimentally regarded dare-devil, and she never becomes real. But most of the other characters, the majority of them American Bohemians living in Paris, are graphically drawn. The original merits of the book are striking; its fault, equally apparent after one's first pleasure, is a lack of artistic significance. We see the lives of a group of people laid bare, and we feel that it does not matter to us. Mr. Hemingway tells us a great deal about those people, but he tells us nothing of importance about human life. He tells us nothing, indeed, which any of his characters might not tell us; he writes with honesty, but as a member of the group he describes; and, accordingly, his narrative lacks proportion, which is the same thing as significance. But he is still a young writer; his gifts are original; and this first novel raises hopes of remarkable achievement. The Spanish scenes, Cohen's fight with the matador, the dance in the streets, the bull fight—these bring us in contact with a strong and original visual world.

Like almost all Mrs. Wharton's novels, "Twilight Sleep" is well written, well constructed, full of understanding and good sense, and serious, but not too serious, in spirit. She is an admirable writer; she has recognized her limitations; she has set her standard; and in her excellence there is inevitably a touch of monotony. The present story will maintain her reputation.

"A Friend of Antæus" is an exasperating story. In the heroine, Evadne, Mr. Hopkins has admirably and truthfully drawn a difficult character, and he has written several scenes showing a sincere imagination. But he has encrusted his talent, which is essentially direct and dramatic, with all the stale paraphernalia of the Jamesian novel. We have the unreal male confidant, partly masculine duenna to the characters, partly laborious accoucheur of the story; we have the tediously impressionistic Jamesian style and the blurred Jamesian psychology. Disembarrassed of all this, the novel would be an unusually good one. Mr. Hopkins has something to say, but for the most part he does not use his own voice.

Miss Ferber's short stories are written and constructed with devastating efficiency. They rarely transcend the class of the good magazine story, but they never fall below it. The author has, above all, an effective style; she has also a tireless curiosity and an unembarrassed mind. Her observation is clear and concise. All this makes her stories very interesting, but she transcribes too directly from life, and only rarely attains that imaginative intensity which sometimes makes transcription art.

"The Flaming Flower" is a romance of the age of Queen Anne, introducing some of the literary figures of the time, but hardly remarkable except for flamboyance of style.

It would be interesting to compare Thomas Mann's huge novel with the works of Proust and Mr. Joyce. Herr Mann has many things in common with both writers. Like Proust, he is teased by the problem of time, and says many interesting things about it; like both Proust and Mr. Joyce, he casts into the mould of the novel a mass of material which for some time has been considered unsuitable for it. He is encyclopædic, like Mr. Joyce, but his knowledge is fuller, is used only where it is needed, and is never exhibited for show. His view of life takes him, like Proust, into metaphysics, and his novel is an attempt to provide a criticism of human existence after taking into account all the revolutions which science has made in our conception of it. The sheer weight of the apparatus which he applies to the figures he portrays, the immense volume of response he draws from them, using one instrument after another, make the book fascinating to anyone interested in the problems of the age. The scene of the novel is laid in a sanatorium in the Alps where consumptives of all nationalities are gathered. The environment itself makes the issues of life more insistent. Life and death are here on equal terms; disease becomes

something which cannot be ignored; the isolation of the patients from the countries down below, the timelessness and yet swiftness of their years, set them apart and make their response to life already a metaphysical one. On death Herr Mann writes with a fullness which has been absent from English literature for a long time, and his analysis of its processes is marvellously done. He has a fascinating chapter on physiology; his analysis of Time, showing how it can appear fleeting and eternal in the same period, has been mentioned already. But one can indicate only a few of the things in this astonishing book. It is packed with figures: patients, doctors, nurses, visitors. Mynheer Peepkorn in the second volume is a masterly comic character and a heroic figure at the same time. Herr Mann's preoccupation with death may appear morbid to the contemporary mind, but he conceives it throughout as one of the processes of life, to be comprehended by the imagination like any of the others, and this redeems him from what might have otherwise been an obsession. There are wearisome passages in the novel, and much of it is difficult, but the most difficult chapters, when they are faced, turn out to be the most fascinating. No student of modern literature can ignore the book. The translator's task has been infinitely difficult. Considering this, she has done very well, but all the same, her English is no equivalent for Herr Mann's exquisite and crystalline prose. The difficulty and extent of her task, the service she has rendered in making the book accessible to English readers, entitle her to high praise.

EDWIN MUIR.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD

The Ettrick Shepherd. By EDITH BATHO. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.)

THE only charge that can be brought against this reputable volume is that it is a trifle dull, a criticism Dr. Johnson affirmed to be the gravest of all "for who will be at the pains to peruse that which is tedious?" Miss Batho's dullness, however, comes not from nature, but from the subject. Hogg was a delightful character, a genial friend, touchy, preposterous, high-spirited, and vain. He is an admirable subject for a "pen portrait." As a writer, however, he is of the third order, and it is of his writings, not of himself, that Miss Batho treats, and treats in an admirably judicial fashion, with an absence of enthusiasm, which communicates itself to the reader. Owing to the Shepherd's continual failure to earn his living as a shepherd or a farmer, he overwrote himself terribly, and but a little of his enormous output is alive to-day. The "Memoirs of a Justified Sinner," his autobiography, "Kilmeny," a few ballads and parodies of Wordsworth are all we know, and, Miss Batho hints, all we need to know, though she affirms that an anthology of selections from his lesser known writings would be well worth making. This is highly probable, and it is to be hoped that Miss Batho will sit down and make it. Her knowledge of Hogg's writings is enormous. She takes us through them with a certain ruthlessness, and in doing so certainly fishes up some delightful specimens of prose and verse, which will look very well in the anthology. The various disputes in his life, such as his supposed forgeries of ancient ballads, his biography of Sir Walter Scott, Miss Batho always discusses with coolness and good sense, and her conclusions may invariably be considered sound. The only disadvantage of her method is that she is bound to spend a good deal of time discussing writings that she admits to be valueless. The very full bibliography that she appends to her volume is really an appalling spectacle. Sir Walter Scott was perfectly right when he urged Hogg not to give up being a shepherd, for which he was well qualified—his book on sheep is still mentioned respectfully in grazing circles—and write during his leisure. Unfortunately, advice of this kind is, by its very nature, useless. Charming freaks of character, however, emerge from Miss Batho's book, among which may be quoted a letter to Scott, which in itself shows where lay the strength of his style.

"But as I suppose you have no personal acquaintance in this parish, it would be presumption in me to expect that you will visit my cottage, but I will attend you in any part of the forest if you will send me word. I am far from sup-

Two remarkable books

Fully illustrated. Price 10/6 net.

The Trial of MADELEINE SMITH

By F. TENNYSON JESSE



Price 6/- net.

TALES OF HATE

By WINIFRED DUKE



WILLIAM HODGE & CO., LTD.

:: Edinburgh, London and Glasgow. ::

THE REFEREE OF THE GREAT OLYMPIA
WALKER-MILLIGAN FIGHT ON JUNE 30

EUGENE GORRI

whose book entitled

GLOVES AND THE MAN

The Romance of the Ring
has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson
& Co. Owing to the large demand anticipated
you should order this book immediately.

Numerous Illustrations. 1/- net.

WHO GOES THERE?

by HENRY DE HALSALLE

10/6 net.

Mystery Story of the War (*Daily Express*). Amazing
... wonderfully described in a volume in which fact
seems to run neck and neck with the swiftest horse of
fiction (*Morning Post*). Where German Spies failed
(*D. Dispatch*). The Secret Service adventures of "Ex-
Intelligence" during the Great War (*Daily News*).
Amazing work (*Sunday Chronicle*). Thrilling War-
Time experiences (*D. Telegraph*). Entertaining
(*D. Express*). A lot of excitement (*D. Sketch*).

London: HUTCHINSON & CO.
(Publishers) Ltd. Paternoster Row.

SANDS & CO.

"WHAT SOCIALISM MIGHT MEAN" THE COMING HOUR (?)

By F. J. BLAKEMORE, O.B.E. With Preface by
J. WALKER CLARK, J.P. Price 2s. 6d. net.

FEWNESS OF MY DAYS

A Life in Two Centuries. Memoirs. By LORD BRAYE.
Illustrated. Price 18s. net.

EUGENIE SMET

Foundress of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. Adapted
from the French by C. C. MOREWOOD. Fully
illustrated. Price 16s. net.

WHOM DO YOU SAY?

Studies in the Doctrine of the Incarnation. By the
Rev. J. P. ARENDZEN, D.D., author of "What
Becomes of the Dead," &c. Price 6s. net.

IRISH FOOTPRINTS ON THE CONTINENT

By the Rev. D. O'MAHONY, B.D. Illustrated. Price
5s. net.

ST. ANNE: HER CULT AND HER SHRINES

By the Rev. MYLES V. RONAN. Illustrated. Price
3s. 6d. net.

LONDON: 15, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
AND EDINBURGH.

P. S. KING & SON, LTD.

THE INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM: An Inquiry into Earned and Unearned Income.

By J. A. HOBSON. Demy 8vo. 358 pp. Cloth.
Revised Edition. Second Impression now ready. 7s. 6d.

Contents: A Business—Trades and Their Places in the Industrial System—Spending and Saving—Costs and Surplus—Wages, Interest and Rent—Ability—Distribution of the Surplus by Pulls—Prices and the Ratio of Exchange—The Mechanism of Markets—The Law of Supply and Demand—The Size of Businesses—Trusts and Monopolies—The Labour Movement—Socialism and the Social Income—Taxation of Imports—Money and Finance—Insurance—Unemployment—The Human Interpretation of Industry.

TOWARDS INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

Being the Report of the Proceedings of a Conference organized by the League of Nations and held at the London School of Economics on Systems of Fixing Minimum Wages and Methods of Conciliation and Arbitration. Royal 8vo. 284 pp. 6s.

CURRENCY AND PRICES IN INDIA.

By C. N. VAKIL, M.A., and S. K. MURANJAN, M.A. Demy 8vo. 560 pp. Cloth, 18s.

This volume explains in detail the causes affecting the changes in the prices of different important commodities and the general price-level in India. The part played by the currency system in this connection is also fully discussed.

READY ABOUT JULY 25th.

AN ECONOMIST'S PROTEST.

By EDWIN CANNAN, Emeritus Professor of Political Economy in the University of London. Demy 8vo. 460 pp. Cloth, 16s.

This is a selection of over a hundred articles and letters, many hitherto unpublished, written from 1914 to 1926, and indicating the attitude of an economist to the events and opinions of those eventful years. A certain unity is given to the whole by the human interest which is felt in watching a single man struggling against the current of the popular beliefs of the moment.

14 GT. SMITH STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

posing that a person of your discernment—d—n it, I'll blot out that word, it is so like flattery—I say, I don't think that you would despise a shepherd's 'humble cot and hamely fare,' as Burns hath it; yet though I would be extremely proud of a visit, yet hang me if I would know what I would do wi' ye."

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

THE PESSIMISM OF AN OPTIMIST

The Religion of an Optimist. By HAMILTON FYFE. (Parsons. 10s. 6d.)

WHETHER or not it is true, as Mr. Bertrand Russell maintains, that religion is born of fear, it is certainly true that we are not greatly affected by the truth or falseness of any religion until we begin to fear its influence. Thus, though we have been familiar with the tenets of Communism since our infancy, we are content to ignore them so long as they are only read harmlessly to us in church or expressed in poetry. But once let there be a suggestion of physical force, and in our fear we attack the religion itself and denounce its professors as people devoid of ordinary human feeling whose ideas are born of the devil. For revolution has a bloodier sound than war, even than civil war, in our ears, not because it kills more people, but because, while wars only last a limited time and then allow life for most people to regain its original shape, revolution aims at ensuring by its bloodshed a radical and permanent change in the order of society, and so is more to be dreaded than any war. But should the principles of Communism be presented in any other form, or be urged by a writer like Mr. Hamilton Fyfe in a book which has no political or revolutionary intentions, we at once acknowledge our admiration for them, though we may be glad to reflect that they are not practical politics.

But it is Mr. Fyfe's desire to show that they are not unpractical, and he is as uncompromising as Communists or the New Testament itself on what is our duty to our neighbour. He believes that the old religions of dogma will one day give way to the new religion of universal comradeship, but he does not hesitate to show how far at present we fall short of that ideal nor to express his indignation with those strident patriots who, he says, are generally defenders of a state of things which gives the mass of people no reason for being patriotic. Nevertheless, one cannot help feeling, as one reads, that Mr. Fyfe, in company with most other earnest reformers, makes too little of those psychological difficulties that stand in the way of his system of universal brotherhood, and that to lighten his ship he would throw away much that would be sorely needed upon arrival. Moreover, how is it, one wonders, that those who most believe in the future improvement of the world are the most despondent about its present state? Even those fruits of civilization upon which we most pride ourselves he regards as rotten and corrupting in their influence. Thus, though Mr. Fyfe says that in the new world which the religion of brotherly love will create, art will throw its radiance over life, painting, he believes, has come now almost everywhere to a full stop, and that for the curious reason that the painter's sole aim is to create beauty. The music of hot concert rooms is, he says, artificial compared with the song of birds, and by contemplating images of beauty, and in sympathizing with imaginary joys and sorrows, we become incapable of delight in nature's drama. "No more of this art for art's sake," he says; "art for life's sake must be our cry." One might reply that even when a picture was painted to the glory of God the worth of the tribute depended upon its beauty, but Mr. Fyfe is determined to find no sincerity or value in any of our activities so long as we seek to make them a substitute for religion.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

THE following are some biographical works: "Memoirs of an Eighteenth-Century Footman," by John Macdonald, 1745-1779, with an introduction by John Beresford, in "The Broadway Travellers" (Routledge, 10s. 6d.); "The Life and Works of Aloysius Horn," edited by Ethelreda Lewis (Cape,

7s. 6d.); "The Living Links," by Etienne Dupont, the translation of an account of the Chevalier Destouches which was crowned by the French Academy (Hamilton, 15s.); "Captain John Smith," by E. Keble Chatterton, in the Golden Hind Series (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.); "Horace Walpole," a Memoir, by Austin Dobson (Oxford, 10s. 6d.); fourth revised and enlarged edition; "A Quaker from Cromwell's Army," by Mabel Brailsford (Swarthmore Press, 6s.).

Another study of Blake has just been published, "An Introduction to the Study of Blake," by Max Plowman (Dent, 4s. 6d.).

"The Gospel of Sâdhu Sundar Songh," by F. Heiler (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d.), gives an account of the Sâdhu's religious life and of his significance for the East and West.

"America's Secret," by J. Ellis Barker (Murray, 7s. 6d.), is a discussion of the causes of America's economic success.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Do You Know? The Question Book. Compiled by S. P. B. MAIS. (Brentano. 3s. 6d.)

Can You Answer This? Compiled by GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Benn. 3s. 6d.)

These two popular authors seem to have had the same bright idea at the same moment. The result is two extremely interesting and amusing twin books. Each consists of about forty examination papers in which the questions are designed to test the general knowledge of the answers. The questions have been chosen with skill and discretion, and one can spend many entertaining and humiliating hours over them. The form of the two books is remarkably similar, and in each case the answers are given at the end. Mr. Mais has submitted each of his papers to some well-known men or women (sometimes to more than one), and he gives the marks which they obtained.

Respectability. By BOHUN LYNCH. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

It is indeed refreshing to turn from subject dot and dash to Mr. Bohun Lynch's calmer air, and to step with confidence on to that road of large sweep and placidly conventional outline which he prepares for his readers. Here is the genuine constructive touch, the impersonal narrator admitting us, with the ease of Thackeray, to the complicated intrigues of his respectable relations. Such an element as the religious mania of Lord Osgrave, the handling of which by some novelists one shudders to imagine, is economically dealt with, its full maliciousness being but gradually disclosed as the climax of the book approaches. Indeed, so leisurely is Mr. Lynch in playing all his cards that he begins to digress—once most interestingly on the faking of Chippendale dressing-tables. His heroine is a most successful study. Esther's mother began the defiance of respectability by running away from her husband in the '80's, and thus Esther the second was born, to be carefully and spitefully brought up by a respectable aunt and to fall in love with a writer of adventurous mind. Hard and competent in spite of the immaturity resulting from her narrow upbringing, she struggles towards freedom of action and often calls for sympathy; but she is no more essentially amiable than any of the other characters who briskly fill their places in the spacious and ordered perspective of Mr. Lynch's cynicism.

Books for Summer Reading

to suit every taste can be obtained from any Bookstall or Bookshop of W. H. Smith & Son. Current magazines, popular novels, books about gardening and sport, guide books and maps for the holiday maker—all of these are included in the delightfully varied stock. Should you not be convenient to a W.H.S. Branch you can obtain your reading by post direct from the address below.

W. H. SMITH & SON

Head Office: STRAND HOUSE, W.C.2

PARIS] • 1250 Branches.

[BRU:SEL:



THE HIBBERT JOURNAL*A Quarterly Review of Religion, Theology, and Philosophy.*

EDITED BY L. P. JACKS.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1927. (Vol. XXV. No. 4.)

- THE PROBLEM OF AUTHORITY. By Prince Andre Lobanow-Rostovsky.
 THE MODERN CONSCIENCE AND THE RIGHT OF WAR. By Don Luigi Sturzo.
 POLITICAL EDUCATION. By Dr. Wilhelm Haas.
 THE METAPHYSIC OF POETRY. By J. Middleton Murry.
 PROFESSOR WHITEHEAD'S CONCEPT OF GOD. By Henry Nelson Wieman.
 HARRIET MARTINEAU: TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY. By F. S. Marvin.
 LIGHT LITERATURE IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES. By Ernest A. Baker.
 THE MATRIARCHAL STATE. By Austin Harrison.
 MONOGAMY AS A CONDITION OF SOCIAL ENERGY. By J. D. Unwin.
 THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE. By Principal W. B. Selbie, D.D.
 THE HIGHER FATALISM. By the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, D.D.
 A CHALLENGE TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By the Rev. and Hon. E. Lyttelton, D.D.
 THE SCHOOLS OF THE FUTURE. By E. B. Castle, M.A.
 THE FOURTH GOSPEL AND SOME RECENT CRITICISM. By Vincent Taylor, Ph.D., D.D. (Lond.).
 SURVEY AND SIGNED REVIEWS.

2s. 6d. net. Annual Subscription 10s., post free.

PUBLISHED BY

CONSTABLE & CO., LTD., 10 & 12 Orange Street, W.C.2.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

JULY, 1927.

3s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS:

- THE ARCOS RAID AND AFTER. By J. A. SPENDER
 THE WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE. By Sir GEORGE PAISH
 THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN EGYPT. By A. HULME BEAMAN
 BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARIES. By the Right Hon. H. A. L. FISHER
 THE NEW WOMEN'S FRANCHISE BILL. By Lady FRANCES BALFOUR, LL.D., D.Litt.
 THE GRACE OF GOD. By the Rev. Dr. J. SCOTT LIDGETT
 INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION IN FRANCE. By B. S. TOWNROE
 THE NEW EUROPEAN CONSTITUTIONS. By J. H. HARLEY
 PAUL VALÉRY: DE L'ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE. By G. TURQUET-MILNES
 ITALIAN OPERA. By Don LUIGI STURZO
 THE OPIUM SITUATION IN INDIA. By the Rev. W. PATON
 WHEN WOMAN RULED—AND LOST. By ISIS
 BLUFF. By T. A. COWARD
 FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By GEORGE GLASGOW
 THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN CLIMAX: AN EMOTIONAL BUBBLE IN EGYPT.
 LITERARY SUPPLEMENT AND REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES

LEADING CONTENTS FOR JULY.

- GOD AND THE WORLD. By PROFESSOR CLEMENT C. J. WEBB.
 ANIMATE AND MECHANICAL MODELS OF REALITY. By J. C. GREGORY, B.Sc.
 A FUNCTIONAL THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE (Part 1). By PROFESSOR H. A. REYBURN.
 MIND: FROM THE STANDPOINT OF BIOLOGY. By PROFESSOR JULIAN S. HUXLEY.
 A STUDY OF SANTAYANA. By D. MCGHIE CORY.
 THE BEARING OF ETHICS ON PSYCHOLOGY. By OLAF STAPLEDON, M.A., PH.D.
 PHILOSOPHICAL SURVEY.

Price 3s. 6d. net. Annual Subscription 14s. net, post free.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.C.2

MAIDS OF HONOURBy **LEWIS MELVILLE**

Author of "Nell Gwynne," "Regency Ladies," etc.

In one large handsome volume, with a frontispiece by MR. AUBREY HAMMOND, and other illustrations, 21s. net.

Mr. Lewis Melville writes about the Court of George II when he was Prince of Wales, as well as when he was King. He gives an account of the Household at Leicester House, and later at St. James's. He tells the story of Caroline of Anspach; of Mary Bellenden, to whom His Royal Highness made love unsuccessfully; of the Hon. Mrs. Howard, who was afterwards Countess of Suffolk, who became his mistress *en titre*; of Lady Sundon; of Lady Cowper, wife of the Lord Chancellor; of the delightful "Molly" Lepell, who married "Pretty Fanny," otherwise Lord Hervey of Ickworth; of the other Ladies of the Court and the Maids of Honour, who figure largely in the memoirs and correspondence of Horace Walpole and the other chroniclers of the period, and of the elusive Hannah Lightfoot.

London: HUTCHINSON & CO.
(Publishers), Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

Quality First
PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE

"WHITE LABEL" Strength

11d.



per ounce

MILD and MEDIUM STRENGTHS 1/0½ Per Oz. N.M.78

The Empire Builder. By LORD OLIVIER. (Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.)

This little book of forty-eight pages is the first of a series, the Hogarth Stories. The idea enshrined in the present tale is a good idea, we may venture to say a truth, and most worthy of promulgation in this illusioned and gullible world. An English gunboat once touched at an unappropriated island in the Pacific, and the Lieutenant fell in love (the phrase is inadequate to meet the case) with a missionary's daughter. The ship sailed, and there was no likelihood of the Lieutenant's ever seeing the girl again. Without any sense of disloyalty to his wife or the Service, indeed, this new emotion gave added strength and meaning to his relations to both, he was under the necessity of seeing her once again. To bring this about, by the sheer force of his will and his cunning, he machinated England's taking possession of the territory in question. His second and last sight of the girl (it was no more than the sight of her), at the ceremony of annexation, completely satisfied him. While a slightly indirect method throws the particular and general significance of the theme into relief, it has not been applied very skilfully. By way of introduction, some heavy and not entirely relevant descriptive passages take up much space which might have been used to explain a little more in detail the Lieutenant's spiritual experiences. The writing bears a close resemblance to the construction. It is careful, but ungraceful and sometimes awkward.

Sir Richard Muir. Written by S. T. FELSTEAD and edited by LADY MUIR. (Bodley Head. 18s.)

This is an interesting book to anyone to whom studies of crime, criminals, and lawyers appeal. But it is also a disappointing book, because it might easily have been so much better. Mr. Felstead writes badly; his writing, in fact, produces the same effect as a slightly blurred photograph. Some sort of a picture of Sir Richard Muir, the Public Prosecutor, emerges. It is probably not Mr. Felstead's fault that the character of his hero can hardly be called sympathetic. It appears that Sir Richard hardly ever expressed feeling except when criminals prosecuted by him and condemned to be hanged were reprieved, and the feeling was then one of irritation. The chief interest of the book is to be found in the detailed stories of such famous trials as those of Crippen, Steinie Morrison, Whitaker Wright, and Bevan.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

PARLOPHONE RECORDS

Two beautiful Mozart records are offered this month. The Overture to "Don Giovanni" is played by the Orchestra of the State Opera House, Berlin, under Dr. Weissmann (E10568. 4s. 6d.). Ivar Andresen sings two numbers from "The Magic Flute," "Within this hallowed dwelling" and "O Isis and Osiris" (E10574. 4s. 6d.). We hope that the Parlophone will go on to give us still more of "The Magic Flute." The same Orchestra, under Siegfried Wagner, plays Wotan's Farewell and the Fire Music from the "Walküre" (Two 12-in. records. E10566-7. 4s. 6d. each). The finale is good, but the first part is not altogether satisfactory, the Orchestra, for some reason, sounding a little thin.

George Bertram plays very well Chopin's rather hackneyed Ballade in A flat, Op. 47, and Waltz in D flat, Op. 64, No. 1 (E10572. 4s. 6d.). There are two excellent light records: Tschaikowsky's "Chant d'Automne" and Schumann's "Traümerei," played by the Dajos Bela Trio (E10573. 4s. 6d.), and two good Waltzes, Waldteufel's "Song of Autumn" and Translauteur's "Flowers' Dream," played by the Edith Lorand Orchestra (E10570. 4s. 6d.). Two remarks may be made on these records: first, that they gain by being played on not too loud a needle; second, that the Gramophone Companies give us too little of Schumann. Lastly, Mr. Reginald Whitehead, bass, sings adequately two old favourites in "Father O'Flynn" and "Off to Philadelphia" (E10575. 4s. 6d.).

BELTONA RECORDS

THE Beltona Military Band play Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite (Two 10-in. records. 1221-2. 2s. 6d. each). Other 2s. 6d. records include "Danny Boy" and "Bantry Bay," sung by Agnes O'Kelly, contralto (1212); "Ave Maria" and "The Rosary," sung by the same (1213); "I'd love to call you sweetheart" and "What does it matter?" sung by Eric Wyndham, tenor (1215); "Thora" and "The Better Land," cornet solo by Lieutenant Harry Pell (1223).

CONTRACEPTION

ITS THEORY, HISTORY
AND PRACTICE.

*A Manual for the Medical and Legal
Professions and all Social Workers*

BY

MARIE CARMICHAEL STOPES, D.Sc.

Fellow of University College, London

A few press opinions of the first edition of this
world-famous book:

"Dr. Stopes sets out with precision and no little literary grace the problem of contraception. . . . Much of the evidence contained in the book is quite unobtainable elsewhere."—*The Lancet*.

"The book is valuable, and should be read by all interested in racial welfare."—*The Medical Review*.

"Some such a book as this had to be written, and this is very well written."—SIR ARCHDALL REID in *Nature*.

"This problem will undoubtedly occupy a more prominent position in the future, and those who wish to study it we can recommend this volume."—*Journal of State Medicine*.

"This highly important question cannot be studied completely and dispassionately without reference to her distinctly remarkable book."—*The Hospital and Health Review*.

"This book is unique and marks a new era in literature germane to this subject."—*The Medical Times*.

"Nurses and midwives who work among the poor should be able to give advice upon this topic when called upon to do so, and for this purpose they will find Dr. Stopes's work invaluable."—*The Nursing Mirror*.

"The book is supremely important, and its author is one of the most important women of our time, for, almost single-handed, she is fighting a crusade which, successful or the reverse, cannot fail to have a momentous effect on our civilisation."—*The Scottish Nation*.

"This book will meet with opposition only from those who desire to suppress the facts."—PROF. CARR-SAUNDERS in *The Nation and Athenæum*.

**New and Enlarged Edition with an
additional Plate. 15s. net.**

*Order from your Bookseller, or
direct from the Publishers:*

JOHN BALE, SONS & DANIELSSON, LTD.,
83-91 Great Titchfield Street, W.1

INCREASED PENSIONS

have been granted to the 300 and more men and women pensioners on our books. The increase has been from £20 to £26 a year and has proved a great help in view of the high cost of living.

£10,000 is Still Needed

for this "Pension Fund." Can you, will you, send a contribution? The Institution is for **Middle Class** people only—men and women of education and refinement who have fallen on evil days.

Contributions should be sent to
EDGAR PENMAN, Secretary.

THE

British Home & Hospital for Incurables
Office: 72, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2.

5/- EACH YEAR **RNLJ** 5/- EACH YEAR
We need 1,000,000 contributions of
FIVE SHILLINGS

To provide and maintain the whole Service.

Please send your 5/- to-day and be

"ONE IN A MILLION."

The Institution is supported solely by voluntary contributions.

YOUR 5/- WILL HELP US

- (1) To reward the Crews whenever Boats are launched on service, whether or not life is saved;
- (2) To compensate those who are injured in the Service;
- (3) To pension the widows and orphans of those who may lose their lives in the Service;
- (4) To add to our fleet of Motor Lifeboats, which have again and again saved lives which otherwise would have been lost

OVER 60,800 LIVES SAVED.

Will you give now, and remember the Lifeboats in your Will?
THE EARL OF HARROWBY, GEO. S. SHEE M.A.,
Honorary Treasurer. Secretary.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BEAT INSTITUTION,
Life-boat House, 22, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

To Book-Collectors

MESSRS. SOTHERAN would put themselves at the service of Collectors or Students who are in want of books, of which they will endeavour to find and report particulars and price, without any obligation to the inquirer. This applies to foreign as well as English books, and also to newly-published Continental books, both in Literature and Science.

HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.,

140 STRAND, W.C.2, and 43 PICCADILLY, W.1
Telegraphic and Telephone:
Cable Address: (Strand) Central 1515.
Bookmen, London. (Piccadilly) Gerrard 774.

NORWICH UNION FIRE OFFICE.

Founded 1797.

HEAD OFFICE: NORWICH and 50, FLEET STREET, E.C.4.

CHIEF 71 and 72, King William Street, E.C.4.
LONDON BRANCHES 39, St. James' Street, S.W.
50-51, Lime Street, E.C.3 (Marine).

For all Classes of FIRE, ACCIDENT & MARINE INSURANCE.



SECOND CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT TRUST Ltd.

Broad Street House, London, E.C.2

(Under the same management as
First Co-operative Investment Trust.)

Chairman: Ald. A. EMIL DAVIES, L.C.C.

Capital exceeds £100,000.

Membership exceeds 2,000.

Every member, whether he holds the minimum of 10 or the maximum of 2,000 2/- Shares, is part proprietor of over

150

carefully selected investments, in Government and Municipal Bonds, Railway and Transport, Bank, Insurance and Finance, Rubber, Tea, Oil and Industrial undertakings operating all over the world. By this means he obtains a degree of safety and a rate of interest which otherwise is outside the reach of the small investor.

DIVIDENDS OF 7% PER ANNUM PAID WITHOUT DEDUCTION OF INCOME TAX SINCE FORMATION.

To SECOND CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT TRUST Ltd.
Broad Street House, London, E.C.2.

Please send me a copy of the Booklet "What an Investment Trust Is," your latest Report, and List of Investments.

Name
Nat. 1.

Address

LITERARY.

BOOKPLATES.—Original exclusive designs from 2 gns.—Write OSBORNES, Artist-Engravers.
27, Eastcastle Street, London, W.1.

BOOKS on every conceivable subject. On approval. 1,000,000 Vols. (Second-hand and New) in Stock. Rare Books, First Editions, Sets of Authors, &c., &c. Catalogues free: mention requirements. Books purchased.—FOYLES, 121-123, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

"THE RELIGION OF A UNITARIAN" given post free.—Miss Barmby, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

LECTURES.

"WHY I AM NOT A CHRISTIAN," by Bertrand Russell. Dr. Walter Walsh will review Mr. Russell's book, from the platform of The Free Religious Movement, in Lindsey Hall, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, next Sunday Morning, July 8th, at 11 o'clock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WAR ON COCKROACHES.—Wipe these loathsome pests out by using "BLATTIS," guaranteed scientific remedy. Tins, 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free, from Sole Makers.—Howarths, 473, Cruksmoor, Sheffield, or Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores.

Get a **Cadbury** ^{1/2 lb} block
SEE THE "Cadbury" ON EVERY PIECE
NAME OF CHOCOLATE

FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

AMERICAN INFLUENCES—NEW TRUST ISSUES—TRUST PREFERENCE SHARES—HOME RAILS—PAINT.

FROM the brokers' point of view there has been a partial eclipse of Stock Exchange business throughout most of last month. The shape of a gold franc, as it were, passed over the face of the monetary sun and cast a shadow on the investment markets. The simile is not exact, but it serves to show how susceptible the Stock Exchange becomes, when domestic business is poor, to outside influences. Not only France but America is influencing the stock markets. We have observed the sensational rise which occurred in the shares of American and Canadian Celanese on American buying. The market in these shares dries up when New York removes its interest. (At the present price of 18½ Canadian Celanese are the better speculative purchase.) The further rise in the shares of Columbia Graphophone to 105s. has also been attributed to American buying. Practically all the shares of International Columbia which controls the Columbia Phonograph Company of America are now held by Columbia Graphophone. Hence the only way in which Americans can participate in the new prosperity of Columbia Phonograph is by purchasing Columbia Graphophone shares in London. Again, the rush of foreign loans this week—Danzig 6½ per cent. at 91, Finnish Mortgage Bank 6½ per cent. at 98, Saxony 6 per cent. at 98, and Berlin coming next—is indirectly traceable to New York conditions. New York is suffering from a mass of undigested bond issues which are not all of good class. Many of the recent big American issues are still in the hands of the syndicates. About 700 million dollars of new issues are said to be "undigested." Brokers' loans continue to expand. That is, perhaps, why London has been capturing some of the recent foreign loan business. It is unfortunate for the "stags" that the three issues came together this week.

We made some analysis recently of the position of leading Investment Trust companies. The yields obtainable on the ordinary or deferred stocks, while slightly higher than those obtainable from leading insurance shares, are, however, generally under 5 per cent., and if the small investor boggles at so low a yield he should look out for new investment trust issues in which he can participate on the ground floor. Two such issues have been made this week—£500,000 in £10 shares of the Ailsa Investment Trust, and £1,000,000 in £10 shares (60 per cent. in preference stock and 40 per cent. in ordinary stock) of the Second London Scottish American Trust. New trust companies should not always be taken up unless they have the backing of older and successful trust companies. Second London Scottish American is under the same management as the London Scottish American Trust which has never failed to pay a dividend since its foundation thirty-eight years ago, and which is now earning 14 per cent. and paying 11 per cent. on its ordinary stock. The Ailsa Investment Trust is under the same management as the Grange Trust which was only recently formed, but which has already paid off its preliminary expenses, declared a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on its ordinary stock for the half-year to May 31st, 1927, and started a reserve fund. With this backing these two new issues can be recommended.

We have always disliked industrial preference shares which participate in all the risks of the ordinary shares and in none of the blessings. This view does not apply to the preference shares of investment trust companies for a good reason. Suppose the capital of an investment trust is divided as to half in preference shares of 6 per cent. and half in ordinary shares. The yield on the whole of the invested capital of the trust has to fall below 3 per cent. before the dividends on the preference shares are endangered. And seeing that the trust builds up a reserve fund not only out of revenue but out of profits realized on sale of investments, the interest earnings of the company are continually rising and covering the dividend requirements

on the preference shares by a steadily increasing margin. That is why the preference shares of a trust company do not share, as in the case of an industrial company, in the risks of the ordinary shares. The 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares of the Grange, at 86½ ex dividend, and the 4½ per cent. cumulative preferred stock of the London Scottish American, at 82 ex dividend, are excellent examples of this class, giving the relatively high yields (in view of the high security) of £5 15s. 9d. and £5 11s.

The interim dividends on the home railway junior stocks will be announced probably during July. The market has been depressed but is inclined to harden on any sign of better traffics. If the interim dividends exceed expectations there would be a quick recovery in home railway stocks. Comparing the twenty-three weeks this year with those of 1925 (a fairer comparison than 1926), the total gross receipts of the four groups show an increase of about 1½ per cent. There was a substantial decline in passenger receipts, but goods receipts have actually increased by nearly 7 per cent. (there was an increase in goods rates last February of 6½ per cent.). There is a tendency to attribute the drop in passenger receipts entirely to the competition of motoring. That is absurd. The twenty-three weeks this year have not been weeks of pleasure motoring. It is the few who use motor-cars entirely for business. The working masses travel by train, and they are travelling less by train because they have less work to do or less money to spend. In any case what motor transport does take away in one direction it gives back indirectly in another. The important question for the railways is the reduction in operating expenditure. It is estimated that there are about 40,000 less railway workers to-day than in April, 1926, a decline of about 6 per cent. or £6,000,000.

In 1925 the dividends paid and earned on the home railway junior stocks were as follows:—

	L.M. & S.	L. & N.E.	G.W.	Southern (Def.) %
Earned	4½	Short by £1,000,057	4½	2½
Paid—Interim ...	2½	Pref. 2½ Def. —	2½	—
" Final ...	3½	" 2½ Def. 1	4½	3½
Total Paid ...	6%	8% 1%	7%	3½%

On the traffics of the first six months of this year and on the estimated savings in labour charges, it is considered in the market that the L.M. & S. should be able to pay a dividend out of revenue of 5 per cent. (against 3 per cent. in 1926), the G.W. 5½ per cent. (against 3 per cent. in 1926) and the Southern 3½ per cent. on the deferred stock (against 1½ per cent. in 1926). The L. & N.E. should be able to pay out of revenue 2½ per cent. on its preferred ordinary stock (against ½ per cent. in 1926); but no doubt consideration of any such payment will be deferred till the end of the year. The current market prices of the stocks are as follows: L.M. & S. 72½; G.W. 88½; L. & N.E. preferred 50 and deferred 19½; and Southern deferred 39½.

Paint shares are coming in for notice. It emerged at the shareholders' meeting of Pinchin Johnson that the unissued ordinary shares would probably be issued to shareholders later on in the year on bonus terms. The Company has just increased its capital by 250,000 shares, only a small proportion of which is required for the recent purchase of Red Hand Compositions Ltd. The Company is clearly going ahead. While we do not look for any immediate increase in the present dividend rate of 30 per cent., we think that in view of the coming bonus issue the shares at 5 9-16 are an attractive purchase. Attention might be given also to International Paint and Compositions Ordinary shares standing at 24s. 6d. For the last two years this Company has paid 7 per cent. and its earnings were maintained in 1926 in spite of adverse conditions at nearly 14 per cent. We believe the Company is doing exceptionally well this year.

